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RIEGO,

OR

THE SPANISH MARTYR.

A TRAGEDY:

IN FIVE ACTS.

That man must be dead to every elevated thought and every generous sentiment, who does not feel indignation and sorrow in considering the TRAGIC CLOSE of the GREAT DRAMA OF THE SPANISH REVOLUTION; the rise of which excited so much interest, and inspired so much hope.—*Westminster Review*.



RICHMOND:

P. D. BERNARD, PRINTER AND PUBLISHER.

1850.

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ENTERED according to the Act of Congress, in the year 1848,  
by P. D. BERNARD, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court  
for the Eastern District of Virginia.

TO  
THE SURVIVING PATRIOTS  
OF THE  
SPANISH REVOLUTION,

THIS ATTEMPT  
TO PORTRAY THE CHIEF CHARACTERS AND SCENES  
OF THAT  
MEMORABLE DRAMA,

Whose elevated aim and tragic close have rarely been surpassed  
BY THE  
PAINTINGS OF FICTION,

IS DEDICATED,

AS A TRIBUTE OF RESPECT TO THEM AND THEIR DEPARTED  
ASSOCIATES,

Who warring against Bigotry and Despotism,  
PROVED THEIR DEVOTION TO A CAUSE,

Vindicated by the irrefutable reasonings  
OF

LOCKE, MACKINTOSH AND JEFFERSON,

ILLUSTRATED AND MAINTAINED BY THE VIRTUES AND VALOR  
OF

WASHINGTON AND LAFAYETTE,

AND CONSECRATED BY THE MARTYRDOM  
OF

SIDNEY AND RIEGO.

## INTRODUCTION.

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The theme attempted in this drama, is the Revolution in Spain—that of 1820—and more particularly the fate of its ill-starred champion, RIEGO. No event, probably, ever more deeply excited the public sympathy. “Notwithstanding its disgraceful termination,” as has well been observed by a powerful writer, “the Spanish Revolution, from the magnitude of the interests involved in its success or failure, and from the nature of the experiment, must be regarded as one of the most tremendous catastrophes which are to be found recorded in the history of our time.”

The author's object has been to present some of the most interesting incidents and prominent actors, in that glorious, though unfortunate struggle. He will not say that he has followed history, in every particular, with scrupulous exactness. But the principal scenes and traits of character—the various fortune of the Revolutionary contest—the stormy debates in the Cortes—the artful villany of Saez—the treachery of Abisbal, Ballasteros, and Morillo—the falsehood, cruelty and pusillanimity of Ferdinand VII—the energy and persevering constancy of Mina—the patriotic devotion and execrable assassination of the Great Chief of the Revolution—and the tenderness and distress of his wife—will be found sufficiently sustained by authentic narratives, or contemporary opinion.

NOTICES.

OF THE

CHARACTERS OF THE DRAMA.

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*Riego.* "The glory of commencing the enterprise," [the Spanish Revolution of 1820] "was reserved for Rafael de Riego, one of those rare meteors destined by Providence to appear on the political horizon and cheer the friends of human liberty."—*Blaquiere's Hist. of the Span. Rev.*

' His black eyes are always sparkling before me: busy, penetrating, enquiring. His visage is of a pale brown; his hair nearly black, but mixed with gray: his figure of a middle size, but strikingly martial. You would fix on him for a hero."—*Pantheon of the Age, vol. 3.*

He was cut off in the 38th year of his age. After a mock trial under an *ex post facto* law made by the Duke d'Angoulême's Regency, he was conducted to a lofty gibbet in a pannier drawn by an ass, amid the savage yells of the mob and the ecclesiastics: and executed on the 7th Nov. 1823 with every indignity by which art could heighten suffering and insult. His wife, Doña Maria Theresa Del Riego y Riego, addressed a petition to Louis XVIII, to which she received no answer: and subsequently in London to the French Ambassador; but before the messenger could be despatched with the last, the victim of tyranny was no more. She died a few years after in London solemnly protesting her husband's devotion to his country. See N. Month. M. vol. ix, p. 533. Ibid, vol. xii, p. 375, Mirafl. Hist. of Spain, Edi. in French, vol. 2, pp. 89-90, 117.

The Marquis of Miraflores, himself of the anti-revolutionary party, afterwards ambassador of the Spanish Queen at the Court of London, calls his trial, "*un veritable assassinat juri-*

#### IV. NOTICES OF THE CHARACTERS OF THE DRAMA.

*digue*," and attributes this and other horrible excesses which signalized the rule of the Regency, and the restoration of the absolute King—to the Duke d'Angoulême's retraction of the decree of Andujar. Hist. vol. 2, p. 94-95.

Another witness—indeed an actor in the closing scenes of the Revolutionary tragedy—Sir Ro. Wilson, directly accuses the Duke d'Angoulême with having, *in violation of all honor, in opposition to every feeling of clemency, surrendered the brave, the patriotic, the virtuous but unfortunate, Riego, to his implacable enemies—though to that gallant individual's personal courage the King owed his very life.* But he adds "Posterity will do him [Riego] justice. His name will live in the annals of history gloriously associated with those patriots who died in the cause of liberty—while the names of the Duke d'Angoulême and of the murderers of the gallant Spaniard, will descend to posterity accompanied with loathing and execration." Parl. Deb. for 1824, vol. 10, p. 1254.

*Don Francisco Espoz y Mina.* For some account of the brilliant career and unwavering fidelity of this heroic soldier and patriot—see 15 *Ed. An. Reg.* 296, &c. He died in 1837, in his 55th year.

*Don Antonio Quiroga*—Was among the earliest to declare in favor of a free constitution, though a prisoner when it was first proclaimed by Riego. He was a member of the Revolutionary Cortes in 1820.

*Don Lopez Baños.* An active leader in the revolutionary contest:—and minister of war in 1822.

*Don Augustin Arguelles:* A statesman and orator of consummate ability. Soon after the outbreak of the Revolution of 1820 he returned from Ceuta whither he had been banished by Ferdinand, and was placed at the head of the ministry: subsequently he was a member of the Cortes. He was distinguished for a spirit of moderation; perhaps too forbearing for the times. His virtues and talents have been warmly commemorated by Sir J. Mackintosh, Lord John Russell and others. See Parl. Deb. vol. 8, p. 1414, vol. 10, p. 1237, &c.

*Don Antonio Alcalá Galiano.* A decided Liberal; and one of the most eloquent speakers of the Revolutionary Cortes. See *Quin's Visit to Spain.* 14 *Blackw. Mag.* 674, 694.



*Diaz and Roque*: These are the only characters of the drama purely fictitious.

*Ferdinand VII.* Is represented as being faithless to his queen; addicted to low intrigues and to the lowest company; such as *Lozanillo* whom he made prime minister: *Ugarte*—a member of his camaritta: *Chamorro* his buffoon and associate. Some have described him as naturally of a mild character. If so he seems radically to have changed his nature. His persecution of the Liberals proves him to have been of a bloody temper, or easily swayed to bloody counsels. Bowhring represents him as having all the vices and none of the virtues of his ancestors. "His habits" he says "are gross and licentious. He never forgave a fancied enemy; perhaps never possessed a real friend. From his very childhood his untamable and barbarous propensities made him the object of dread, and adversity has only served to heighten the dark ferocity of his character."

Sir Francis Burdett spoke of him as "that Ferdinand who had dishonored his mother, betrayed his father:—who had abandoned his country, and on his return murdered her defenders."

Lord Nugent described him "as the scourge of his people:"—"the most finished specimen of all that was base and groveling; perfidious bloody and tyrannical." In the New Monthly Magazine he is styled "the Hyena of Spain." Even the tory Editor of Blackwood charges him with "the basest treachery to all—which has stamped his character with one dye of unredeemed blackness." His own mother paints him as *monstrum nulla virtute redemptum*.

*Don Victor Saez*: Confessor of the King—Secretary of State under the Duke d'Angoulême's Regency; and justly regarded as the adviser and abettor of the atrocious cruelties which signalized the restoration of the legitimate King. His letter officially announcing the installation of the Regency was contemptuously returned by Canning then British minister of foreign affairs. See *Miraflores*, Hist. &c. Ed. in French, vol. 2, pp. 80, 439.

*Abisbal*: *Ballasteros*: *Morillo*. History has branded the names of this trio with indelible infamy. The first died at Montpellier in 1834: the second retired to Grenada obscure and despised; the last stripped of his command, sought refuge in France. All it would seem spurned by the wretch they served, and left to reap the just reward of treachery.

## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

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RIEGO, *Chief of the Revolutionary party, called the Liberals.*

SAN MIGUEL, *Secretary of State, attached to the Liberals.*

MINA,  
QUIROGA, } *Officers, attached to the same party.*  
BANOS,

ARGUELLES, *Civil Chief of the same.*

GALIANO, *a Liberal: Member of the Cortes.*

RUIS,  
FERRER, } *Ultra Liberals: Members of the Cortes.*

*The Canon* RIEGO.

DIAZ, *a youth: son of Porlier who was slain in a previous civil war.*

ROQUE, *an old Soldier.*

FERDINAND VII., *King of Spain.*

VINUESA, *his Confessor.*

SAEZ, *also Confessor to the King, and afterwards Prime Minister.*

ALAGON, *Commander of the Life Guard.*

CHAMORRO, *King's Buffoon.*

ABISBAL,  
BALLASTEROS, } *Officers: originally attached to the Liberals, but*  
MORILLO, } *who deserted to the Serviles, or King's party.*

A NUNCIO, *from Rome.*

UGARTE,  
ROMUALDO, } *Familiars of the Inquisition.*

DONA THERESA, *Wife of Riego.*

INEZ, *attendant on Doña Theresa.*

*Inquisitors, Alcaldes, Officers, Soldiers, Courtiers, Ladies, Monks,*  
*Attendants.*

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SCENE: *Madrid and its vicinity.* TIME: *Two days.*



# RIEGO.

## ACT FIRST.

### SCENE I.

*A Library in RIEGO's House. DIAZ Reading.*

*Diaz.* "So saying, in her heart she plunged a knife before concealed, and lifeless, fell at their feet. [*Much moved.*] The husband and the father sobbed aloud."

O piteous scene! Much wronged, peerless Lucretia!

[*Reads interruptedly.*] "Brutus—drawing forth—the bloody dagger—*By this blood—so pure—with fire and sword—I will pursue the hateful race;—and, witness it, ye Gods! Never again shall monarch reign in Rome.*"

Well said, brave Brutus:—*Witness it! ye Gods!*

*Never again shall monarch reign in Rome!*

Her guest! Her husband's friend! Just Heaven! To think

Of that! Entering his hospitable door

To filch away the treasure of his soul;

*Enter RIEGO.*

To blast his peace! Perfidious, brutal wretch!

[*Perceives Ri.*] Thy pardon—Señor,—I—I—

*Riego.* Hold!—Good Diaz;

Rather should I crave thine, thus to interrupt

Thy pleasing studies. Some romantic tale? [*Takes the book.*]

Or stirring drama? Ah! what theme can Rome's

Grave annalist have found that thus hath touched thee?

*Diaz.* One might touch hearts of stone: Lucretia's wrongs—

*Riego.* Aye, wrongs indeed: enough to call the blush  
To manhood's cheek, and rouse a slave to vengeance.

*Diaz.* No slave was Brutus:—nor the fool he seemed.

*Riego.* But had he been the craven fool he feigned,  
The shock had roused him from his idiot sleep,  
Upon his darkened brain poured a strange light,  
And thawed the icy current of his heart.

*Diaz.* No people sure compare with those Old Romans.

*Riego.* A bolder, loftier race ne'er graced the earth.

In manly dignity they stood erect,

Scorning to stoop for gold, or bow to power.

The simple grandeur of a virtuous heart  
Alone, with them, was true nobility.  
In humble merit's hand, roughened by toil,  
They placed the sceptre of command, and hurled  
Ambition from the seat he durst usurp.  
Thirsting for glory even beyond the tomb,  
They met, as did the violated wife  
Of Collatinus, death, and evils worse  
Than death, rather than bear a tainted name.  
But a still nobler impulse, urged them on;—  
The love of Rome. Rome was the mother they  
Revered; nay more, the deity they worshipped.  
For Rome, they won the spoils of victory, tempted  
The angry flood, or plunged in gulfs of fire.  
Hence she fulfilled her noble destiny;  
And they earned names renowned through all the earth.  
But tell me, Diaz, whence did they imbibe  
Their purest tenets? Whence their sagest laws?  
Was't not from Greece?

*Diaz.* True, Señor; but methinks  
The pupils did surpass their teachers.

*Riego.* Say,  
What Roman of them all more wise than Solon?  
Purer than Socrates or Plato? Juster  
Than Aristides? Or e'er gave his country  
More costly proof of love, than did the Spartan—  
Fearless, self-doomed Leonidas?

*Diaz.* None; none:  
Well might the dying Plato thank the Gods  
That he was born a Greek, and Greece be proud  
Of sons had honored Rome herself. Still Rome,  
Old Rome, stands foremost in my thought. Old Rome!  
There's magic in the very name. O! 'tis  
A sound so grand, so musical! my ear  
Delights to hear, my tongue to utter it.

*Riego.* Enthusiastic boy! It hath a charm  
For thee, because it tells of all that's pure  
In virtue, glorious in renown. Thou bring'st  
Me back the day, when, like thyself, I too  
Deemed Rome without a peer. Greece, lovely Greece!  
And Rome, majestic power! still rise before me,  
Rivals, not equals, in the race of glory.  
In friendly links, the Grecian league appears  
Like clustering vines, shooting their tendrils forth  
On every side, to prop their fragile forms:  
Rome, the gigantic oak self-poised, which scorns  
The whirlwind's wrath, and wars with Time himself.  
Resembling, one, a mighty river formed  
Of many streams, lingering to enchant the eye  
And fertilize the earth; the other, ocean,  
In whose unfathomed depths, the mightiest rivers

Are gulfed and lost. A diadem, seems Greece,  
With rarest gems adorned of every hue:  
Rome shines a diamond of unclouded light.  
The banded states, a constellation, whose  
Mild fires invite the eye to gaze upon  
Its glittering host, and trace the separate path  
Of each bright star, while all as one, by chain  
Invisible, move in unbroken union:  
But who, undazzled, views that Ancient Power,  
The Guide and Ruler of the earth; her type,  
The Eternal Orb, who soars 'mid starry worlds  
His brightness hides, nor suffers eye, save that  
Of God alone, to look upon his face.

*Diaz.* As in thy picture, Rome outshone her rival.

*Riego.* A brighter, not a purer glory beamed  
Around her brow. The sterner traits of virtue,  
She displayed; Greece, its loveliest features. No!  
In moral beauty, ne'er was Greece surpassed;  
But Rome, in grandeur, overtopped the world.

*Diaz.* Had Brutus faltered in his stern resolve,  
O think, what had Rome been!

*Riego.* What had she been?  
No valiant hand to seize on Freedom's torch  
And light her thro' the gloom?—No soul to feel,  
No spirit to revenge her wrongs?—What had  
She been? Behold her now! Like Spain, the slave  
Of monks! But nobly he redeemed his pledge;  
Stript from the tyrant-race the regal robe,  
And levelling in the dust their guilty throne,  
Taught Freemen to abjure the sway of Kings.

*Diaz.* Spain has her Tarquin too!

*Riego.* Worse, worse: a wretch  
In power, himself the slave of appetites  
More vile than ruled Rome's brutal tyrant.

*Diaz.* Spain  
Has sons as brave as Brutus: would that one  
Like Brutus might be roused to right her wrongs!

*Riego.* And every unsophisticated heart  
Echoes that prayer! True, true; Spain has her Tarquin—  
A monster nourished at her breast, who laps  
Her vital blood: and she may point to sons  
As brave as Rome could boast, who strove to break  
In twain his iron sceptre. Much the tale  
Of their unhappy fate would grieve thy heart.

*Diaz.* Too well I know around that fate there hangs  
Some dreadful mystery.

*Riego.* Yet thou wouldst learn it?

*Diaz.* All, Señor, all; though it should pierce my heart.

*Riego.* 'Tis thy just due; and soon it shall be thine.

*Diaz.* Ah! Would that soon were now.

*Riego.* [*Sits to write.*] When next we meet,

We may resume our theme. [*Returns the book.*]

*Diaz.* [*Retiring, opens the book.*] To-morrow, Señor?

Thanks!—Aye! It was here: *Witness it, ye Gods!*

*Never again shall monarch reign in Rome!* [*Exit Diaz.*]

*Riego.* How, daily in his breast, spontaneous spring

The virtues rooted in his father's soul.

Did riper years but brace his youthful arm,

No champion Spain need ask fitter to prop

The cause her Porlier hallowed with his blood.

[*Thoughtfully.*] Quiroga leaves the army: So!—

*Enter SERVANT, who hands a note.*

[*Aside.*] In private!

I'll see them here, good Pedro. [*Closes his Portfolio.*]

[*Exit Servant.*]

*Enter ARGUELLES, ABISBAL, MORILLO, and BAÑOS.*

Señor! Generals!

Your hands.

*Arguelles.* Our haste to greet thee, makes us trespassers.

*Riego.* Nay, doubly welcome. Friendship heeds not forms.

*Abisbal.* Our mission will excuse our seeming rudeness.

We come to plead for Spain.

*Riego.* Spain's friends are mine,

And find, all hours alike, Riego's house

And bosom open to receive them. Come,

Be seated.

*Baños.* A word makes known our errand:

Arguelles, speak.

*Arguelles.* The Friends of Order meet

To-morrow at La Fontana. Quiroga

Joins us: and rendering up his high command,

Frankly this question puts for our best counsels,—

*Who shall be Chief of Spain?*

*Abisbal.* O! That Abisbal

Might name the chief on whom all eyes are turned.

*Arguelles.* Nor this alone demands our grave concern.

A plot—now ripening in the Palace—

*Abisbal.* Ha! [*Aside.*]

*Arguelles.* —By Monks—

*Morillo.* I'll hunt them out with Cuban hounds—

*Arguelles.* —In league with treacherous Liberals—and those  
The loudest in their zeal. [*Aside to Riego.*] Beware the Conde!

*Riego.* [*Aside to Arguel.*] Abisbal? [*They and Baños whisper.*]

*Abisbal.* [*Aside.*] Nay; I too must play a part.

[*Takes a book.*]

*Morillo.* [*Aside.*] 'Sdeath! There are two, methinks, too  
many here.

[*Aloud, touching his sword.*] By Santiago! Could I think—ye  
mean—

*Abisbal.* General, thou'rt moved.

*Morillo.* Not much:—Yes; yes! my sword,  
At the bare name of treachery, grows restless.

*Riego.* Traitors oft have found its point too keen.

*Morillo.* And shall again, when least they think it.

*Baños.* Come!

This is no time for words. [*To Riego.*] Our friend will meet us.

*Arguelles.* We'll so report?—

*Riego.* [*To all.*] Baños hath answered for me.

*All.* [*Going.*] Señor adieu!

*Arguelles.* At the tenth hour—

*Riego.* At ten—at La Fontana.

[*Exeunt.*

[*Eyeing Morillo.*] That swarthy dog is of the Moorish stock:  
So gruff, he'd tear the very hand that feeds him.

Once set upon the trail, it matters not

Of friend or foe, he'll have his blood.

Brutal, but yet of use to worry brutes

Ferocious as himself: fit match for Freyre

Or Alagon; not like the fawning Conde,

First tamed by cuffs, then pacified by crusts

Thrown to the tune of, *Swallow it, thou dog!*

Bribed by the Monk! Aye! Aye, 'Tis Saez' work.

[*Exit Riego.*

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## SCENE II.

*An Apartment in the Palace. SAEZ in a Recess, the Curtains partly drawn. UGARTE asleep in a Chair.*

*Enter CHAMORRO, fantastically dressed.*

*Chamorro.* That old mouser watches as well asleep as awake.  
How he purrs!

*Ugarte.* [*His eyes still closed.*] Watchful nights, Son, will  
make drowsy days.

*Chamorro.* Truly a catoptrical argument.

[*Saez murmurs in his sleep.*]

*Ugarte.* [*Rising.*] Hish! You disturb Don Victor—Hish!  
Now, Chamorro, what errand needs this drowsy time of day to  
speed it on?

*Chamorro.* Don Pedro and the King would see Don Victor in  
the Tambour Hall.

*Saez.* [*In his sleep.*] Victor! Victor!



*Ugarte.* This way. His siesta will soon be over. Kind Chamorro, I've a favor to ask of the King and you. [*Going.*]

*Chamorro.* Don Pedro and the King. Speak!

*Ugarte.* A soldier's dress—

*Chamorro.* [*Laughs.*] Thou wouldst be a soldier! Yes, the very cut of a bloody hero.

*Ugarte.* Only to-morrow, to grace the grand procession. Pray, good Don Pedro—

[*Exeunt.*]

*Saez.* [*Dreaming.*] 'Thrice glorious prize! Sounds it not bravely? Victor!

Victor the Fourth! 'Tis mine! [*Awakes.*] Gone! Vanished! Crown And Mitre! Sword and Keys! How Fancy hath Beguiled my sleep, and with bright images Entranced my soul! Bishop!—'Twas thus it ran— Then Cardinal;—And so from high to highest. But now, amid a gorgeous host I sat, And felt the scarlet honor gently press My brow. With looks submissive, the conclave eyed Their future pontiff. Awe and hope By turns possessed my heart; nor yet its ecstasy Subdued:—Glittering before my very eyes The triple tiar shone: 'twas but to stretch My hand and say '*tis mine!* Strange mysteries, sooth, These workings of the brain in sleep: more strange If meaningless.—Old seers have taught in dreams Heaven whispers to the soul its coming doom:— Or is't that Fancy, while dull Reason sleeps, With meteor ray, points out the path which leads To Fortune?—Power! Chief attribute of God! Sure Heaven-born souls may covet thee, unblamed, To grasp at once a glorious destiny? To soar while others crawl: to bless or blast At will; our smile a sunbeam, and our frown The drear eclipse, making all nature sad: To be the gaze, the envy of the world; The one amid the million!—So! This dream Should busy many a waking thought:—It shall!— And proudest monarchs yet may bow to Saez.

*Re-enter UGARTE.*

*Ugarte.* His Majesty would see Don Victor in the Tambour Hall ere he retire.

*Saez.* 'Tis well. Keep watch without: see that none enter Save Father Vinuesa or the Duke. [*Exit Ugarte.*]

[*Draws forth papers from his bosom and reads.*]

*Enter ALAGON:* SAEZ hurries the papers into his bosom.

*Alagon.* God keep good Saez!

*Saez.* And many, many years

His arm protect the trusted sentinel  
Whose ceaseless vigilance so well repays  
His sovereign's grace!

*Alag.* That honored trust he shares  
With Saez, and holds with him neglect all one  
With treachery.

*Saez.* 'Twere double treachery: treachery  
To ourselves, as to our gracious King, to sleep  
While envious adversaries, from his lips,  
Would dash the cup he deigns to share with us.

*Alag.* And deem'st thou spirits so daring dwell on earth?

*Saez.* Aye! Such as erst in Heaven arose, and soon  
Had made it Hell; but, that untiring Mercy  
Found them one, deep, deep in the abyss below.

*Alag.* Thus foiled, thus doomed, the wretches durst rebel  
'Gainst Ferdinand's peace. Thy wakeful eye, good Father,  
And this tried blade must fail, ere treason dare  
Approach his lofty throne.

*Saez.* How oft is grandeur  
Ruin's especial mark. Swift o'er the plain  
Whirls the hurricane blast, leaving unscathed  
The pigmy shrub, to battle with the oak:  
The forest king contemns his ruffian foe,  
And waves his head secure of victory;—  
When lo! the insidious shaft, felt ere descried,  
Hath pierced his heart and scattered to the winds  
His giant limbs.

*Alag.* Still, from the mighty hand  
Which guides the devious yet unerring bolt  
In safety o'er the heads of favored mortals,  
Ferdinand hath nought to fear. Whence then his peril?

*Saez.* Whence comes it not? from reptiles crawling near  
His path; vile insects buzzing round his couch.  
In countless shapes dangers besiege the throne;  
And with the throne, the church. What loyal heart  
Marks unconcerned, the spirit of the age?  
Damnab! heresies, rebellious creeds,  
Spread far and wide, for which, in better days,  
Faggot and fire had been the appropriate doom.  
Books by our ordinances denounced, abound  
In every hovel. The low-born multitude,  
Maddened with taste of fruit to them forbidden,  
Plucked from the tree of knowledge, now project  
Reforms of state, and prate about their rights;—  
Their rights forsooth, and wrongs, whose highest privilege,  
Best graved with cudgels on their memories, is  
Obedience; aye, un murmuring obedience,  
To those Heaven sends to rule them. Nought divine  
Nor human now—the Pope's supremacy—  
The monarch's birthright—Heaven's revealed decrees—  
Challenge respect. Vile Blasphemy usurps

The pulpit-seat, to curse The Power that gave  
Her power to curse. Treason invades the palace;  
And lo! Sedition, armed with oaken staff,  
Now flaunts abroad, waving o'er motley troop  
Her ragged flag of variegated hue,  
Unveils her hideous features, and proclaims  
Her hellish schemes.

*Alag.* By Santiago! It  
Would please me much to view these monsters: when  
And where may we behold them?

*Saez.* Now!—in Madrid!

*Alag.* Sure, visions that did haunt thy couch, still cheat  
Thy waking thoughts: or slumbers Alagon,  
While thy keen eye and ear perceive what 'scapes  
His blunter sense?

*Saez.* Hear me, good Alagon:  
To-morrow, as thou know'st, the king doth deck  
The Blessed Virgin in her promised robe:  
The factious chiefs will doubtless be abroad  
Among their rabble crew to sow the wind  
Of discontent.—

*Alag.* Themselves to reap the whirlwind,  
Whose wrath shall scatter them as chaff. By Heaven!  
Let him but speak the word, the barking curs  
Shall quickly cease to yelp; like very spaniels,  
Lie crouching at his feet, and whine for pardon.

*Saez.* No time more apt, no hand more fit to scourge  
The obstreperous pack: but threat'ning word or look  
The King forbids, lest some rude tumult rise  
To shock his ears, and mar the holy rite.

*Alag.* 'Tis a hard lesson.

*Saez.* But must be obeyed:  
'Tis at our Lady's chapel most the crowd  
Will congregate; thither, at early hour,  
Thy loyal guard conduct, and so dispose,  
That thro' their ranks thy sovereign safely pass,  
Keeping the mob at distance: Should it grow restiff,  
For once bear patiently its insults.  
Howe'er the tempest rage without, let not  
Its surly blast invade the holy calm  
That suits the hour when Ferdinand the Beloved  
Doth bow him down before our Lady's shrine:  
Hail, Blessed Mary!

*Alag.* But his vow fulfilled,—  
May we not then chastise the audacious rebels?

*Saez.* As thou dost prize thy Sovereign's life—thy own,—  
Beyond these walls let not that precious hope  
E'er pass thy lips, nor sparkle in thine eye.  
Once forth, the very air will blight it:  
Deep in thy bosom fed, 'twill bloom and ripen.  
Even now the Sacred Banner of 'The Faith



In Urgel waves above the death-struck band  
Who yesterday defied its withering curse.  
Soon may its conquering symbol flutter o'er  
Madrid: then, then, the grateful task be thine  
To crush the viperous leaders of revolt:  
Aye, and to-morrow's sun, who beaming high  
Above, shall mirror to the Heavens a scene  
To gladden Seraph's eyes, haply may stay  
His flying car, to help thy pious sword  
And gild its triumph with his parting smile.

Alag. He shall! There's joy, there's glory in the thought!  
[Going.]

Saez. 'Tis Heaven's own cause, and therefore cannot fail.  
[Exit Alagon.]

[SAEZ takes out his papers and folds them carefully.]

Enter VINUESA.

Vinuesa. [Suspiciously.] No spies, good son?

Saez. Ugarte's on the watch.

Vinuesa. Thou'st mapped it plainly down?

Saez. Even as last night

'Twas planned between us. Pray note if in aught  
We've changed it seem amiss.

[Reads.] "*This plan must be known only*"—mark, Father, "*ONLY, to His Majesty; the Infant Don Carlos; the Duke de L' Infantado; the Marquis de Castelar; Don Matias Vinuesa; and Don Victor Saez.*"

Vinuesa. But our new friends; Morillo—Ballesteros—

Saez. Fresh from the crazy club-room of Fontana,  
The Gallic poison lurking in their brain  
Half cured, soon to break forth in madder freaks!

Vinuesa. We needs must use them;—

Saez. Aye! As furious brutes  
Were used of old; we'll turn them loose upon our enemies.

Vinuesa. But sure Alagon and Freyre—  
The very hand as 'twere to do our work:—

Saez. The hand should do the bidding of the head,  
Not share its counsels. Where to fail is ruin  
Secrecy alone is safety.

Vinuesa. Right, son:  
Proceed.

[Saez reads.] "*At the tenth hour the procession moves from the Palace. After the King shall have returned in safety, the Royal troops will be put in motion. On their march, they will throw down the pillar of the Constitution, and cause the vile instrument itself to be burnt by the common hangman. During this movement, the Canon Don Matias Vinuesa—*"

Vinuesa. Enough; I know my part: [sighs] but as the hour  
Draws nigh, beyond, all seems a drear abyss,

Whence mocking phantoms rise to appal the soul.

[*The Tragala is sounded in the streets.*]

My dream! my dream!—Saez, thou hast faith in dreams?

*Saez.* Abiding faith.

*Vinuesa.* And think'st them sent of God?

*Saez.* Undoubted revelations. Who may say,  
*I'll dream to-night: I'll dream of this or that:*  
Or *Lo! I dream:* Can man create new worlds,  
Fill them with strange and ever-changing shapes  
Fair as the Angelic Host;—anon uncouth  
Misjoined and monstrous; such as mortal eye  
Did ne'er behold? When every sense is locked  
In sleep's brief death, is it of our mere will  
We rove thro' boundless regions, veering swift  
To every point marked down in Time's old compass;  
Past, present, future? Live in one short moment  
Ages of misery or bliss? Behold  
Youth's sunny brow blanched o'er with sudden snows  
And Age rejoicing in his auburn locks?  
Bring back the absent and the dead; and moved  
At their discourse responsive laugh and weep  
As though they stood beside us? No; No: 'Tis  
The handy-work of God. Ah! Father, I  
Could tell thee of a dream so heavenly bright;—  
So full of happy omens:—

*Vinuesa.* First hear one

Must shake thy soul, as still it shaketh mine.  
At noon deep pondering on our plan, I sat  
As is my wont in Ferdinand's chair of down.  
A gentle sleep o'ercame me, and I saw,  
O! dreadful scene! the King a fettered captive,  
Prone at the Virgin's feet. A ruffian band  
First strove to fire the church:—then rushed on me;—  
One grasped my throat; and I awoke to hear—  
What was no dream—my own half-stifled screams  
Amid the accursed Tragala's harsh din,  
Which, as but now, sounded through all Madrid:—  
And strange to tell! the King himself watched o'er  
My sleep, his arm entwined around my neck.  
I feared to tell my dream. O! say not son,  
This vision comes from Heaven.

*Saez.* Doubtless from Heaven.

But Heaven not always gives as now a clue  
To thread these wondrous mazes, and unveil  
Its shrouded oracles.

*Vinuesa.* As now? As now!

Then are we doomed, and o'er the darkened skies  
Already rush the storms fated to blast us.

*Saez.* Did dreams like sunbeams through the rifted cloud  
Pursue their self-illuminated path with aim  
Direct, thus too might Saez interpret thine:

But oft like the unfettered bolt their wayward track  
Deceives man's vision, or is known alone  
To gifted seers.

*Vinuesa.* Remember, Pharaoh's dream  
Foretold long years of famine; and they came.

*Saez.* Who to the sleep-thralled Monarch heralded  
The coming scourge? A Spirit from God, was't not?  
Teaching whom he would spare, to ward it off?

*Vinuesa.* So tells the Sacred Legend.

*Saez.* Such, be sure,  
The Messenger of Mercy sent to thee.  
The outrage to the Church, the King, thyself;  
Such daring acts the Rebels meditate:  
But mark; the Church was saved; the King too lived;  
And thou awak'st to find him guarding thee  
From harm. Even so Our King above shall shield  
His struggling cause. His watching Angels,—thus  
Thy vision reads—already sound the alarm  
In faithful ears, and light their beacon fires  
To show the rocks and guide us into port.

*Vinuesa.* Not Joseph's Heaven-taught counsels gladdened  
more  
The Egyptian's heart than hast thou mine. But seeing  
The crisis near, may Ferdinand's fears not mar  
Our dear revenge?

*Saez.* More than Riego's sword:  
But must our tongues be traitors to ourselves  
To rouse up sleeping foes? Say Ferdinand deems  
The day remote; let him still slumber on,  
Nor waken until Spain repentant hail  
Her free unchartered King.

*Vinuesa.* From Saez' mouth,  
Loyola's soul doth breathe the words of wisdom.  
Where all seemed dark, thou'st shed a blaze of hope.

*Saez.* Father, the glorious enterprise is thine:  
'Thro' thee alone, unconscious of its perils,  
Our Sovereign soon shall reap its golden fruits. [Exeunt.

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### SCENE III.

*A Hall in the Palace: a Table in the centre for embroidering, on  
which is an embroidered Robe: at one end a Chair of State.*

*Enter KING FERDINAND and CHAMORRO.*

*King Ferdinand.* Chamorro, I have left my crown and robe.  
*Chamorro.* Give me a King for luck.

*King Ferdinand.* How, Chamorro, is there good luck in that?

*Chamorro.* Excellent! Few Kings have left their crowns, and brought away their heads. Pray give me thine.

*King Ferdinand.* [*Angrily.*] I fancy not such jests.

*Chamorro.* Pardon, Majesty; I only meant to crown it and straight bring it back.

*King Ferdinand.* [*Laughs.*] Go, blockhead.

*Enter VINUESA and SAEZ, conversing earnestly apart. They retire more out of view.*

*Chamorro.* *Block-head!*—And when I have brought the crown, who shall answer for the *block*;—head I mean, to place it on? [*Espies Vinuesa and Saez.*] See there! My cap against your crown, those monks are plotting mischief.

*King Ferdinand.* Ah! I can spare you now.

*Chamorro.* Majesty! Beware! One monk, they say, can match Old Satan. Two must be equal to a King.

*King Ferdinand.* Then you would put your King before the Devil?

*Chamorro.* Nay, and so it please ye—put the Devil first.

*King Ferdinand.* Good!

[*The King approaches Vinuesa and Saez: Chamorro going, returns.*]

*Chamorro.* Majesty, why is Ferdinand like Spain's High Treasurer?

*King Ferdinand.* Because he has no money.

*Chamorro.* Well enough for a King. The *block-head* shall give a better answer. Because he is without a crown.

*King Ferdinand.* Excellent! That's mine—remember, 'tis mine.

[*Exit Chamorro.*]

[*Vinuesa and Saez advance.*]

*King Ferdinand.* Ye've made good speed: Ah! As we coned it o'er?

*Saez.* We trust your Majesty will find all right.

*Vinuesa.* I'll vouch it, son, unchanged.

*King Ferdinand.* And the Black List?

*Vinuesa.* Son, not a name left out?

*Saez.* Nay, we've been bold

To add some scores; your Majesty will judge  
If any merit grace.

*King Ferdinand.* What matters it,  
How many rebel dogs ye hang, if sure  
Ye hang enough. Come! I'll affix the seal—

[*King Ferdinand, Vinuesa and Saez retire to Saez' apartment.*]

*Re-enter CHAMORRO, with the Crown and Robes.*

*Chamorro.* Ah! vanished!—Well, now only suppose His Majesty Don Fernando carried off, as one of these days he certainly will be, by His Majesty Don Diablo; who shall wear this pretty head-piece? *The King's brother Carlos, of course, say the monks; but the Liberals and the soldiers say no—and they*

and their muskets are too strong for the monks and their mis-sals. The most serene Infant wont do—that's clear. *Our loving Consort*, says Majesty; a mere woman! to order us courtiers of the bed chamber to shave off our mustachios and metamortify us into waiting maids. No! No she-male can govern Spain. And its a wise law. Petticoat government! Why it's a most absolute and unbearable democracy! No! Queens can't be Kings; so that's settled. *Who comes next?* He that's next nearest, says I. *And who's that?* The favorite. *Not Chamorro*, says you. And why not, says I? Who stands, or sits, or lies nearer Majesty day or night? *But*, says you, *the Chamorros have no royal blood*. Save you, sir; my name is Don Pedro Collado; and the Collados are as full of the blood royal as Emperor Nap or King Pepe; [*in a low voice,*] or Don Serenissimo Carlos. 'Tis lucky walls have not tongues as well as ears, or these might tell some tales of one Don Manuel Godoy—[*A noise.*] Ha! Who's that? Only Ugarte snoring.—Yes, they do say the Serene Infant is not his brother's father's own child. Blood, indeed! I've hearn my great grandfather say, that his great grandfather told him, when he was a boy, that his father's great gre grandfather's father, was a great grandson of Ham: so our family's literally ascended from Noah. As to the Bourbons, he told me there was none saved in the Ark, unless it was in the shape of a couple of Baboons; and that, he said, was the name of the Bourbons—and in fact of all the jabbering French, when he first heard of them. Royal blood, forsooth! I doubt if there's a single thimble-full in the veins of all the Kings and Queens, Infants and Infantesses, upon earth, that's pure and unadultrified. *But you've no sense; no edification;* says you. It's a mistake. I larnt to spell and write—aye, so long ago, I have almost forgot how. But I can make a law that a cross—so—shall stand for I the King. What need has a King of larning, like common folks, that's to live by their wits? Nobody ever heard of a King with much sense since the days of King Solomon. Had old King Carlos any sense? Or the old English King who lost all the little sense he had? A King has sense by law; and he has sense by proxy—and that's enough for any King. All that's wanting to make a King is a crown and robes. A good thought! Yes! Yes!—I'll join the Liberals. They'll soon want a new dynasty. [*Puts on the crown and robes and struts before a mirror.*] Yes! I'll be King by the name of Don Pedro: a cruel good name for a King: and then I'll buy crowns and robes enough to furnish all the poor suffering Republics of the New World. I'll send each of them a young Collado. [*He takes the King's chair, and affects to embroider.*]

*Enter ALAGON, LADIES, MONKS, &c. bowing obsequiously to CHAMORRO, who keeps his face down.*

*All.* God give your Majesty a thousand years.

*Chamorro.* [*Raising his head.*] Behold your King!



*Courtiers.* [*Laughing.*] Ah! King Chamorro!

*Others.* King Fool!

*Chamorro.* No. King of Fools!

*Re-enter KING FERDINAND, VINUESA and SAEZ.*

*All.* The King! the King! God save your Majesty.

*Chamorro.* [*Holding up the crown, &c.*] Why is his Majesty like Spain's High Treasurer? All dumb? What says Majesty?

*King Ferdinand.* [*Affecting to consider.*] Because—because—Because I'm without a crown.

*All.* Good! Excellent! Admirable! Admirable!

*Chamorro.* Majesty shall never want a crown while Don Pedro has one to spare. [*Puts crown and robes on the King, who takes his seat.*]

*King Ferdinand.* [*Pointing to the robe.*] How like ye this?

*1st Lady.* See there, Carlota! what

A beauteous bud!

*2nd Lady.* O! charming. [*To Courtier.*] Is't not sweet?

*1st Courtier.* I'Faith—the very odor of the rose!

*2nd Courtier.* A master-piece!

*3rd Courtier.* Perfection! That's the word.

*4th Courtier.* The last touch ever seems the brightest.

*5th Courtier.* True.

*1st Lady.* Wherein, Carlota, think'st the crowning beauty?

*2d Lady.* Now, sooth, I scarce can choose—the truth to nature?

*1st Courtier.* Nature! Nature ne'er painted buds so fair as those.

*1st Lady.* Now, I should say,—the brightness of the tints.—

*3rd Lady.* The warmth, the freshness of the coloring!

*Chamorro.* All wrong!

*King Ferdinand.* We'll hear the Duke.

*Alagon.* Bid me amid

Creation's wonders choose the greatest.—

*Several Courtiers and Ladies.* Fine!

*Alagon.* —But still where all is grand, grandest of all, Methinks, that vast exuberance of mind.—

*Several Courtiers and Ladies.* Hear! hear the noble Duke.

*Alagon.* —That princely genius—

*Several Courtiers and Ladies.* Hear him!

*Alagon.* —That royal Fancy—which did first Conceive the illustrious thought.

*Several Courtiers and Ladies.* Sublime! Sublime!

*King Ferdinand.* A well-turned compliment, in sooth: what says

Good Saez?

*Saez.* Grand the conception truly, but

It equals not the work itself—

*Several Courtiers and Ladies.* Hear Saez!

*Saez.* —The master strokes—the magic touch.—

Hear! Hear!

*Saez.* —The superhuman art—the Godlike power—  
Which could from this—[*the needle*]—from these—[*the threads*]—  
from nothing as

It were, create a universe of beauties!

*Several Courtiers and Ladies.* Splendid! Magnificent!

*King Ferdinand.* —High praise, we own.

*1st Courtier.* So just withal: so true.

*Chamorro.* All, all at fault.

*King Ferdinand.* Chamorro wants both eye to see, and tongue  
To praise our pious work.

*Chamorro.* True, mighty King.

*King Ferdinand.* How! True, say'st thou?

*Chamorro.* Aye; dazzled by its lustre,  
And dumb with admiration!

*King Ferdinand.* Rare Chamorro! [*Laughs.*]  
Now beat Don Dummy if ye can. [*To Vinuesa.*] Good Father,  
Thy holy prayers have borne us thro' our toils,  
And given us hope the Virgin will accept  
Our simple offering.

*Vinuesa.* Doubtless, son: 'Tis thou  
Alone, most blest of earthly monarchs,  
Hath wrought a gift so precious in her eye.

*King Ferdinand.* Thou say'st it, Father; else should we dis-  
trust,  
The flattering thought.

*Vinuesa.* How view this wondrous work,  
And doubt the impressure of a hand divine—  
The hand of her for whom thou toil'st? Hail, Mary!

*King Ferdinand.* Father! her charming inspiration, first  
At Valençay, did prompt the happy thought,  
Solacing there our else most tedious sojourn:  
And since, amid our consecrated task,  
Refreshing more than food, or drink, or sleep,  
'Till now its joyful consummation we

Behold. To-morrow—Ha! To-morrow? Can it be?  
And shall we yet be spared to see that day,  
So long, so brightly pictured to our hopes?  
To-morrow! One short day;—not half that space,—  
Speeding away in task of love; and lo!  
It dawns upon us! Why! 'Tis here! 'Tis ours!

*Vinuesa.* Dear Son, these Holy raptures waste thy health.  
Seek we the chapel: there, our mingled prayers  
May tranquillize thy soul, and win sweet smiles  
From Heaven's blest Queen to crown thy pious toils.

*King Ferdinand.* We yield us, Father, to thy faithful gui-  
dance.

Here, with the new-born day refreshed, we meet  
Again: And then our dearest wish fulfilled,  
Spain's vast domains contain no heart more blest,  
Than that which beats within her monarch's breast.

[*Exeunt.*]

## ACT SECOND.

## SCENE I.

*A Hall in the Palace.*

*Enter KING FERDINAND and CHAMORRO, meeting.*

*King Ferdinand.* Ah, Chamorro! I could not bide thy tardy motion. Hath the sun risen?

*Chamorro.* Just up: and by the clock, full ten minutes before his time; impatient to salute Majesty.

*King Ferdinand.* Smiles gaily, doth he?

*Chamorro.* Smiles?—Laughs outright: his face one blaze of joy; just like his Royal Cousin and Brother.

*King Ferdinand.* [*Laughs.*] Come—I must haste to end my pleasing task:—

Then forth to greet the jocund King of Day,  
And his bright smile with smiles as bright repay. [*Exeunt.*

## SCENE II.

*The Library in RIEGO's House.*

*Enter RIEGO and DIAZ.*

*Diaz.* O! How unlike the Rome of former days.

*Riego.* At home, thro' selfish schemes and lust of conquest  
Her ancient honor ever and anon  
Shot forth a glimmering ray: abroad, she roamed  
Begrimed with blood, the scourge, as now the scorn,  
Of nations. Her own legends tell how like  
A fiend she ravaged Spain; and ours, how Spain  
Met Roman wrath with more than Roman constancy.

*Diaz.* Yet the world paints the old Spaniards proud  
And spiritless.

*Riego.* Brave foes have felt their valor;  
Rome in her brighter day had honored it.  
Yet proud in sooth they were; but not of gold;  
Nor aught gold buys to feed the vanity  
Of petty souls. Nor yet of noble blood  
Made they their vaunt; tho' nobler ne'er did course  
Thro' princely veins; its head spring in the heart  
Needing no voucher from the spurious rolls  
Of Heraldry, but self-proved, welling forth



In noble deeds. No robes of silk disguised  
Their manly form; a rude attire instead  
Left bare to wintry wind, and warrior's steel,  
A bosom rugged as their hills, which yet  
A gem more precious held,—the soul of truth  
And honor—lucid source of all their pride:  
An honest pride, which at the shrine of Virtue  
Bowed with humility, and frowned on Vice  
Though seated on a throne.

*Diaz.* I had sooner met  
The roughest pressure of such honest hands,  
Than touched a monarch's palm.

*Riego.* Honor they prized  
Above renown: their country's smile beyond  
Her golden hoards. Freedom they deemed first gift  
Of Heaven; its bitterest curse a foreign yoke;  
And spurned alike the tyrant and the slave.

*Diaz.* May not their sons be proud of such an ancestry?

*Riego.* Let them first prove their lineage by their virtues;—  
Scaling the lofty heights their fathers soared to:—  
Else tho' bedight in Eagle plumes, they shall  
Be scoffed for vaunting Daws. Once in Galicia  
Rome's haughty chief a tribute claimed—the badge  
Of vassalage: *No gold*, indignant they  
Replied, *our sires bequeathed us to redeem*  
*Our rights, but swords—swords only—to defend them.*

*Diaz.* Spoken like Romans.

*Riego.* And why not--

*Diaz.* Right, Senor:  
Like true-born Spaniards, like themselves.

*Riego.* Before  
Numantia's walls came Scipio's bands, soiled with  
The smoke and blood of Carthage: chains or death  
Their terms; and death her great resolve. Long did  
She foil his mighty host; ceased then the struggle;  
In rushed the victor: Lo! His prisoners free!  
Famine had saved them from a sterner foe,  
With wolves and vultures leaving him to share  
The festering spoils.

*Diaz.* Ah! Spain remembered Rome,  
But Rome forgot herself.

*Riego.* Trusting to her faith,  
Our sires did thrice lay down their arms, and thrice  
She steeped her hands in blood of unarmed captives.  
Then salved the act with Jesuit plea, *No faith*  
*With rude Barbarians*:—as tho' Honor e'er  
Might break her league with truth, to link with treachery.  
Revenge, despair fired every Spaniard's heart:  
Foremost up sprung the Lusitanian swain  
Bold Viriatus. Fast from hill and vale  
Their crooks like his transformed to spears, his comrades

Thronged, mingling with the iron voiced drum  
The silvery music of their own loved reeds.  
Then shouting as tho' mid his fold he spied  
Their dreaded foe, he led them on the hunt,  
And Rome's proud legions fled aghast, as flies  
The panic-stricken lamb before the wolf.

*Diaz.* A shepherd conquering conquerors of the globe!

*Riego.* Nay: Treachery o'ermastered valor. Smarting  
With shame, Rome's Chieftain stooped to a foul revenge,  
And bribed a traitor slave to steal away  
The sleeping warrior's life.

*Diaz.* Shame on the wretch  
Could stain his country's honor and his own.

*Riego.* The murderous deed confessed the warrior's worth,  
And won a fruitless triumph. Once again  
War with her kindred fiends Famine and Plague  
Ravaged fair Spain; and Rome's ferocious Eagle  
Lay with her victim gasping on earth;  
While above both high waved the Goth's red banner.  
In turn, the Goth was vanquished and Don Roderick,  
Last of his race, fell beneath Tarick's scymetar.  
But still, O! Blasting sight! An alien flag  
Floated o'er Spain, and her fair sceptre passed  
To Moorish hands. By numbers overpowered,  
In spirit unsubdued, revolt upon  
Revolt still taught the victor, Roman, Goth  
And Moor, how vain the thought to hold in fetters  
Men worthy to be free. One giant struggle:—  
The brutal Moor was driven far from Spain,  
And his ill-omened crescent which had risen  
Smeared with her blood, sunk drenched in his own.

*Diaz.* [*Triumphantly.*] These rude Barbarians then main-  
tained their rights,  
And loved their country: Would their sons were now  
No wiser than their sires.

*Riego.* Confess then, Diaz,  
All virtue perished not with early Rome.  
Throughout the earth, 'tis true her footprints still  
Mark her victorious march; but as her yoke  
She laid upon the neck of prostrate nations,  
Her own proud spirit they inhaled, and learnt  
To feel its weight. Tracing time's downward current,  
History shall point to scenes of moral grandeur,  
Models of manly virtue, sages, warriors,  
Not even by thy favorite Rome surpassed.

*Diaz.* Say, where the annals which record their fame?

*Riego.* In Spain, 'mong things forbid. But fortune holds  
For thee the treasure thou wouldst seek.

*Diaz.* For me?

*Riego.* A Father's legacy, from ruthless monks.  
Concealed, or else ere now a blazing sacrifice.

*Diaz.* I'd guard the boon against a thousand monks.  
Being mine, lives there the wretch would rob me of it?

*Riego.* Of that?—Of life! Demons in holy garb  
Who prowl abroad to blast the earth which He  
Who made it blessed. But here while Isla's sons  
Shall watch o'er Spain, thou shalt defy their malice.

*Diaz.* Leaving our friends and thee to meet it all!  
I blush to own the wish thy kindness would  
Forestall was rising in my bosom. Senor!  
Since hither first thou ledst my orphan steps,  
Here have I found a home friendship endears  
And honor guards: should Diaz peril its peace?

*Riego.* What time thou wert a nursling, Diaz, fears  
Like these might be indulged. Stout hearts shrunk back  
Appalled at the bare name of that dread Power  
Whose aim, invisible, none might avoid.  
A brighter day now dawns, and superstition  
Quails as its beams illuminate her cell.  
No more with scowling eye and noiseless foot  
Her spies dare cross our threshold. Freely then  
Enjoy the feast a father's care provides.

*Diaz.* How like a father's love thy kindness falls  
On Diaz' head, and seems no burden.

*Riego.* Friendship,  
My Diaz, measures not nor weighs her offerings,  
Coldly to exact the debt; like Heaven, she showers  
Her blessings down, affection sole return  
She asks. So thy loved sire convinced my heart  
By deeds more strong than words, when perilling all  
For me, his home now desolate, was mine.  
Lo! This the talisman that face to face,  
In yon recess shall bring before thee  
Freedom's bright galaxy. Milton and Locke,  
Britons with Roman souls, who taught, that man,  
Not God, makes Kings, and may, by right divine,  
Unmake them: Hampden, who in arms defied  
A tyrant's rage, and checked him in his power:  
Bradshaw, inflexible, unshrinking Judge,  
Who braving chains, and death, and calumny,  
Standing erect in face of God and man,  
Condemned a tyrant to a tyrant's doom.  
Russell and Sidney, twin-born sons of liberty,  
In life united, and in death twin heirs  
Of Immortality.

*Diaz.* Never can I  
Forget their names.

*Riego.* Turn we to Switzer's hills:  
Intrepid Tell, behold! By Gesler forced,  
On his own son, to try his archery.  
Swift on its errand flew the barbed reed  
Bearing in triumph off the ruddy prize

Poised on his Albert's head: the son was saved;  
The sire—his only crime a dauntless soul  
And an unfaltering arm—in fetters bound.

*Diaz.* Had I been Tell, by Heaven——

*Riego.* What wouldst have done?

*Diaz.* Have sent the arrow strait to Gesler's heart;  
If heart the wretch could have who would have made  
A father slay his child.

*Riego.* Aloof, beyond  
That arrow's flight, the monster stood to enjoy  
His frantic sport. But brief the joy of guilt.  
Once more, free as the Chamois of his mountains  
The hunter roamed at large. The tiger crossed  
His path;—one flash from Tell's wrath-kindled eye—  
Sudden as the Avalanche the feathery shaft o'ertook  
The savage in his flight, and far around  
The glad hills echoed back his dying yell.

*Diaz.* O! Honored be the arm which strikes for freedom.

*Riego.* Pulaski; Kosciusko: Noble Poles;  
Their comrade, La Fayette, the pride of France;  
Friend of the oppressed; firm foe of tyranny  
In King or mob: alike did they renounce  
Inglorious ease, in distant climes to plant  
The Tree of Liberty, and found beyond  
The Atlantic wave, a Cause to fire their zeal;  
A LEADER to conduct their steps to glory.

*Diaz.* Hearing that leader's name, my infant lips  
Were taught to lisp the phrase which now my heart  
Repeats, *Greatest and Best.*

*Riego.* Why name that name,  
Unknown to Heraldry, tho' brighter ne'er  
Was blazoned on the rolls of Fame; which echoes  
In terror from the palace-dome, but carries  
Joy to the cotter's roof? His brow severe  
Of native dignity, no jewelled crown  
E'er tarnished; but instead, the civic oak  
Mingled with laurel boughs, his temples bound.  
As by one soul inspired, the undaunted Gaul  
And spotless Chief breasted the storm: nor ceased  
Their toils 'till they had won a nation's liberty;  
The world's esteem; the approving smile of Heaven.  
Freedom's unsceptred son, his Country's Saviour,  
Now dwells in bliss; his glory freshening in  
The stream of time: and still while that stream flows  
Shall his loved memory be hymned in praise.

*Diaz.* Blessed be the country gave him birth!

*Riego.* Blessed she is in every precious gift:  
Her own aspiring Bird, careering mid  
The stars, apt symbol of her fowering destiny.  
But yesterday the new-fledged Eaglet broke  
The grasp that held him grovelling on the earth:—

A mother's grasp; who, sought her offspring's blood  
To fill her shrinking veins, and would have plucked  
His brightest plumes to deck her waning age.  
Now high he soars above the lightning's reach,  
Or on the bosom of the burnished cloud  
With outstretched pinion floats, free as the Heaven  
He breathes. But I must turn to other thoughts,  
Nor longer weary thee.

*Diaz.* O say not that :

Good Señor! I—but no—not now—

*Riego.* Speak, Diaz—

*Diaz.* I much had hoped—that promised tale to hear,  
Oft in my ear half-whispered—of a deed  
That wrapped our house in mourning; Spain in gloom.

*Riego.* That theme of saddest interest I would fain  
Still spare myself and thee. Ah! Ill-starred Lacy!  
And—shall I name him?—Porlier!—

*Diaz.* God!—yes; yes;  
Speak of my noble sire.

*Riego.* Ere long, that task  
Of mingled grief and pleasure shall be mine:  
To contemplate with thee his manly virtues;  
His valiant deeds; that made Spain's brutal King  
Pause in his hunt of blood. O! would that memory  
Might dwell on these, forgetful of the scene  
Which closed his bright career, when, like brave Lacy,  
By Ferdinand betrayed to chains and death!

*Diaz.* Yet Ferdinand lives.—Just Heaven! Should not the  
thought  
Cause Porlier's blood to boil within my veins  
And redden my cheek with shame?

*Riego.* On Porlier's friend  
Rest that reproach, if aught be due, who still  
Hath spared a forfeit life, to stay the flow  
Of worthier blood. Wretched as infamous  
The murderer lives; for guilt is misery.  
Falling in freedom's cause, his victim won  
A glorious tomb, and finds beyond, that peace  
Virtue alone can know, since Virtue only  
Maketh man the image of his God. Thro' life  
Her beauteous halo to her votary draws  
The unbought homage of the world; then lights his steps  
To bright abodes of ever during bliss.

*Enter Servant who hands RIEGO a Gazette—and Exit.*

Go now, my Diaz; breathe awhile the pure  
Refreshing morn: then to the sweet repast  
Awaits thee here.

[*Exit Diaz.*

[*Reads.*] THE ECHO.--Ha! THE ARMY OF SAN FERNANDO DIS-  
BANDED!! The decree has gone forth: La Isla's sons who first raised  
Freedom's flag at Arcos, disarmed, disgraced to quiet the terrors of



*her foes. . . . Quiroga—tell it not in Gath—blindly approves the hellish scheme. . . .*

Quiroga! Can it be? Then is he blind,—  
 Stark blind:—not seeing their drift who at a time  
 Like this would banish from Madrid Spain's friends  
 And his.—Duped! Duped! Would Mina were returned!  
 How must his honest soul be chafed to learn  
 Quiroga's blindness? How loathe the traitor Conde!

*Enter DONA THERESA.*

*Riego.* Ah! This is kind.

*Doña Theresa.* Thou scarce wilt deem it so;  
 For I am come to chide thee, that amid  
 Health-wasting studies thou mispendst the time,  
 When Heaven's own wondrous volume courts our eyes,  
 And the Young Morn sheds on its fairest page  
 Her magic light. O! Come with me, and in  
 Our favorite haunt all sterner cares awhile  
 Forego.

*Riego.* So glowingly thou paint'st the scene,  
 My will would fain rebel against my duty.

*Doña The.* Inexorable duty! Ah! Art thou  
 Her only slave that without mercy task  
 On task she puts on thee? [*Sighs.*] Thou'rt sad! Riego,  
 That cloudy look tells of some anxious thought.

*Riego.* A fleeting shade thy smile shall soon dispel.

*Doña The.* And why, when all around is sunshine, rest  
 These shadows on thy brow?

*Riego.* With thee, Theresa,  
 This laughing earth were still the paradise  
 'Twas meant, were't not that man turns all its sweets  
 To poison, and with fiendish spleen along  
 The paths of peace scatters unwonted thorns.  
 Must it not pain our hearts, that he should mar  
 God's bounty thus—to make himself a wretch?

*Doña The.* Let guilt endure the penance; why shall we  
 Who loathe the crime, spurn Heaven's pure gifts, and leave  
 Its fruits and flowers, profusely blushing round,  
 To wither on the stem? Come! Come!—Ah me!  
 Some spirit whispers me, there was a time—  
 Some short moons since—one happy hour above  
 The rest, thy heart may guess—when not in vain  
 Had poor Theresa sued.

*Riego.* Nor shall she now: [*Closes his Portfolio.*]  
 This task may be deferred; and the sweet thought  
 Indulged of that fond hour an Angel prompts  
 Thee to recall.

*Doña The.* Rememberest thou that hour?

*Riego.* Thou doubt'st it not?—More freshly than the last.

*Doña The.* In El Retiro's wildest walk, we strayed,—  
 Alone—scarce conscious that around us night  
 Had thrown her friendly veil. The Star of Faith,

With fixed eye, o'er Buytrago's height  
Looked down; looked down and smiled—

*Riego.* To view a sight  
Lovelier than Buytrago's glittering peak:—  
Affection's crystal gem; pure as the mine  
From whence it sprang; more brilliant than the ray  
That lit it up; spangling thy cheek, till brushed  
By my rude lip away.

*Doña The.* Not rude, but murmuring  
Soft vows of constancy, enduring as  
The hills which rose above:—Forget'st thou that?

*Riego.* Sooner those hills shall dip their snowy plumes  
In Manzanares' rill, or his scant rill  
O'erleap their towering heads. Still, as in that  
Fond hour, throb not our hearts in unison?

*Doña The.* So mine will think; then wond'ring asks, why kept  
A stranger to the pangs that rend thy bosom?

*Riego.* If in that bosom, painful thoughts take root,  
Confess, Theresa, 'twere no proof of love  
Thence to transplant them into thine.

*Doña The.* When first  
The germ appears, a wife with gentle hand  
Might pluck it forth, and in its stead, engraft  
The blooming bud of peace. Oh! Why, Riego—  
Why, from thy faithful wife, conceal aught that  
Disturbs thee? Ah! if thy Theresa seem  
O'er earnest—

*Riego.* Why 'twere but a grateful proof  
Of what needs none. But think! Our country smoking  
With her children's blood;—our friends beset by spies,  
Knowing no safety but in mutual faith.  
Think well of this:—then say, when Honor here  
Hath placed the seal of silence, would Theresa—

*Doña The.* Nay. Wrong her not: she'd have thee guard  
the secret  
Even 'gainst the bribery of love.

*Riego.* Thou dost  
Forgive me then?

*Doña The.* Love, honor thee the more,  
If that might be, for thy unswerving truth.

*Riego.* Could I prove false to friendship, thou should'st be  
The first to spurn my broken faith;—for, 'tis  
From thee I take lessons of constancy.—

*Doña The.* O! sweet is praise from thy too flattering lips.  
Blest lot! To win thy smile, and on this breast  
Pillow the griefs that ruffle thine. [*Bell rings.*]  
Hark! hark!

*Enter a SERVANT.*

*Servant.* Two begging Friars, all the way from Pampeluna;—  
bringing a message for Don Rafael.

*Riego.* Tidings, I trust, from Mina: Show them hither.

[*Exit Servant.*]

*Doña The.* These poor travellers will need refreshment.

[*Going.*]

*Enter MINA and SAN MIGUEL, disguised as Friars: they pause at the door.*

[*Aside to Riego.*] Ha! Well shod beggars! Why conceal their faces?

Beware! All are not Monks who wear the cowl,  
Nor every Friar the Saint he seems.

*Mina.* [*Throwing off his disguise.*] No Saints  
Señora, wilt thou find in us.

*Riego and Doña The.* Ah! Mina!

*Riego.* [*Embracing Mina.*] Welcome! a thousand welcomes  
to Madrid.

San Miguel too! [*Takes his hand.*] A pleasant jest this, sooth.

*Doña The.* [*Meeting them.*] Señors! Much I need your  
pardon.

*San Miguel.* Fair Señora,  
Thou might'st mistake us well for dark assassins.

*Mina.* Aye! Or for what we seemed; remorseless Monks.

*Doña The.* But now I know my husband's valued friends.

*Riego.* To whom he'd trust his life, his honor, aye,  
And thine.

*Mina.* Hold! Hold, Riego! Friendship's chain  
Is not so rusted that it needs new polishing.

*Riego.* Nor time nor absence e'er can dull a link  
That binds us each to each, and heart to heart.

*Doña The.* Be it ever bright and firm: to that I'll fix  
The anchor of my soul, and all my fears  
Give to the winds.

[*Exit Doña Theresa.*]

*San Miguel.* Is't not a damning proof  
Of our degenerate state, that honest men  
Must skulk in masks, while knaves, notorious knaves,  
In Heaven's broad light walk unreprieved?

*Riego.* But why  
This odious garb? Do spies beset my house?  
Or are Riego's friends marked out for vengeance?

*Mina.* Both! Treachery fast weaves her web around us.

*Riego.* What room for treacherous schemes? Why 'tis a day  
Of peace, is't not? A jubilee of Saints?

*Mina.* Of saintly hypocrites, mouthing false vows  
The while their hearts are gendering fell designs  
This mummery was meant to cloak. Already  
Fontana's doors are blocked by servile bands:  
Hard by lies Don Mamerto's mangled form.

*Riego.* Dead! Says't thou?

*Mina.* Slain by his comrades of the Guard.

*Riego.* Our cause ne'er lost a truer friend.



*Mina.* His truth  
His crime; his only crime. He durst unbind  
A soldier, known by his badge as thine,  
The palace slaves had fettered for their sport:—  
Like curs they turned on him; aye, and before  
Their master's face tore out his honest heart.

*Riego.* A freeman struggling for a brother's rights,  
And not an arm stretched forth to succor him!

*San Miguel.* Too sudden the blow for aid; but on the spot  
Quick gathering multitudes had crushed the caitiffs,  
Had not the King given pledge for speedy justice.

*Mina.* His pledge!—Good as a Monk's; or Lucifer's.

*San Miguel.* Thyself hadst been deceived. Why, when the  
storm

Raged most, and pelting missiles sorely bruised  
His flying guard, his voice was heard loud cheering,  
"Down! Down with them." "Leave not a dog alive!"

*Mina.* Pardon me Señor; pray let me tell the sequel:  
Entering Madrid, I reached the spot just as  
The bier had halted at his gate:—I saw  
The double-visaged crocodile shed tears!  
By Heaven! He wept—wept for *his good Mamerto*,  
And ordered comforts for the *poor dear orphans*;—  
Then turned to hasten on his childish task;  
While loud the serviles cried, "Long live the King."

*Riego.* And still the liveried ruffians go unpunished?

*San Miguel.* Who were left else to do his bloody work?

*Mina.* Ah! There's a scene played off with matchless art;—  
Offended Majesty, with frowning brow,  
Feigning to chide his mutinous guard; his guard  
In bold defiance standing to their arms!

*Riego.* A mock rebellion, and a feigned rebuke!  
Knowing the vile impostors, see ye not  
The murderous deed just done, the passing mockery,  
Are but the first scenes of a tragic plot,  
Contrived within the walls where now 'tis acting?

*Mina.* And swifter than thou dream'st to end in ruin.

*Riego.* What! will the nation think ye rest again  
On Ferdinand's broken faith, and court their doom?

*Mina.* No, Señor, no: throughout the outraged land  
A noble spirit reigns, resolved to find  
Some surer guarantee for freemen's rights,  
Than faith in faithless rulers. 'Tis of this,  
Don Evaristo and myself would speak.

*San Mig.* Of schemes withal more fell than thou'st surmised.

*Riego.* Of all Spain's perils—and hopes:—speak, Señors,  
Freely.

*San Mig.* This morn ere rose the sun, the news boy tapped—  
Eager to impart news of his own, more fresh  
And wondrous than the reeking sheet he brought—  
A rapid sketch he drew of horrid plots,

By Carlos and the Monks; of mask'd Moors;  
Huge Giants dressed for the King's grand pageant:  
The French, five hundred thousand strong, this side  
Bidassoa, speeding swifter than our spies  
Could bring the news. Pondering awhile I lay:  
Then rose and strolled from camp in search of Baños.  
In yon vile habits cloaked, we marched beside  
A group of Anticks, and with them unchallenged  
Entered the palace. There ensconced amid  
Soft dames and smiling courtiers, plying fast  
His pious needle, sat the King. Behind  
The door, in part concealed, two monks discoursed.  
This, palsied limbs—that, a gaunt form betrayed.  
Drawn back, close wedged by struggling crowds, *perforce*  
We heard Saez' thrice repeated whispers, meant  
For Vinuesa's ears; and louder yet,  
The shrill responses of the unconscious dotard:  
Methought my burning cheek glowed thro' my visor.  
*Mina.* Rasher men had throttled the plotting imps  
Upon the spot.

*Riego.* And ruined our cause.

*Mina.* Nay saved it.

*San Miguel.* Or saved or lost, well nigh the doubt was solved:  
For Baños, muttering oaths, so roughly touched  
His rattling sword, that murmurs rose, "masks off!"  
What then our swords had done 'twere hard to say;  
But sudden from without a cry was heard  
That hurried all to view the fatal fray  
Wherein Mamerto fell. Thus much we gathered;  
That during night the troops of Infantado  
By stealthy march had reached Madrid, and now  
Quarter with Carlos. Soon the royal band  
With festive notes preludes the grand procession.  
Forth marches then the vast array of cowls  
And cassocks, to the sound of merry bells;  
While Alagon controls the restless crowd,  
Thro' its disparted ranks safe passage giving  
To the Monk-Monarch and his valorous suite.

*Mina.* Would it might close at once and overwhelm them all!

*Riego.* A juster doom met not that wicked host  
Who thro' the parted sea, red with the wrath  
Of God, pursued his chosen race, and found  
In the curtained wave a watery shroud.

*San Mig.* A crowd of bustling courtiers, monks and menials,  
With soldierly equipments scarce disguised,  
Deceive his timorous eye with show of safety.

*Riego.* Yet a wild maniac's howl, the heedless laugh  
Of Bacchanal, or school-boy's shout of joy,  
Would make him quail tho' heading Xerxes' millions.

*San Miguel.* To smoothe his way, 'tis given out the King  
This day renews his oath to keep the charter.

But Saez to bring the crisis on and strike  
A final blow, thro' Vinuesa goads  
The fiery duke and his revolted guard  
To outrage; theirs the shame of failure; his  
The glory of success.

*Riego.* Oh! Rare Don Victor!

*San Miguel.* Most fear of thee disturbs the King; and hence  
Thy army of the Isle dissolved; and thou  
On distant service sent loaded with honors.

*Riego.* The price of infamy! Honors, methinks,  
Could honors flow from source so foul, would have  
The feel of guilt, and crush me with their weight.

*Mina.* Fame hails Don Rafael Ruler of Galicia!  
No richer gift hath Ferdinand to bestow.

*Riego.* Hence needed for some precious renegade;  
Some high-priced traitor. O! Almighty Gold!  
There's not a brainless, soulless wretch, doth rake  
Thee up with filthy fingers, but conceits  
Himself a God,—and as a God is worshipped.  
Could Ferdinand think?—But no; a subtler brain  
Hath wrought that snary web; Saez, Saez—

*Mina.* Say Satan;  
Who in the likeness of that Jesuit, rules  
The land. Who else had bribed the apostate Conde,  
Deceived Quiroga, or durst now thus tempt  
The Saviour of the state? But I am rash:  
Wisdom may turn to good gifts meant for ill,  
And thus make Vice against her will serve Virtue!  
Sooth 'tis a fair domain; and come the boon  
From whence it may, 'tis but thy due. Then take  
The demon at his word, and—

*Riego.* Turn my back  
On Spain, while bigots swill her blood; abjure  
My faith; and sell my soul to Lucifer  
For thrift! Would Mina touch the damning bribe?

*Mina.* I knew thou would'st not, tho' the arch fiend himself  
Had shown thee all the kingdoms of the world.  
But wiser friends; men who have suffered much  
And now would die for Spain, or thee—Quiroga,  
Arguelles—

*Riego.* What! Arguelles too?—

*Mina.* More could  
I name, who deem 'twould honor thee to yield,  
Since that alone can give thy country peace.

*Riego.* Peace? peace? such peace as with Quiroga dwelt  
In Alcala's dark cell, or cheered Arguelles  
Exiled to distant Ceuta: such as shrouds  
Mamerto's eyes, or sleeps with Porlier? No!  
Let them ne'er dream of peace till Spain be free.

*Mina.* O how the slaves exult who plot our ruin.

*San Miguel.* Good cause have they for joy: much on our feuds

They count; and treachery in our ranks; but most,  
On French battalions, like an evening storm  
Now sweeping over Spain.

*Riego.* A gloomy prospect!  
And yet methinks before the blackest cloud,  
Shines the bright promise of a fairer sky;  
And what seems fraught with peril, may bring us safety.  
Let foreign legions come; they'll raise in turn  
A hurricane shall drive their columns back,  
Tho' denser than the hosts that blasted Egypt.

*San Miguel.* Therein thy trust be mine.

*Mina.* Then are ye both  
Deceived. What, know ye not the Trappist arms  
His faithful bands, in God's own name, to join  
His country's enemies? 'Tis fit we look  
Our danger in the face. The homebred traitor,  
The foreign foe, the sinner and the saint,  
Daily invoke Heaven, Earth and Hell, to fix  
On Spain a yoke more galling e'en than that  
Thou and thy comrades loosed.

*Riego.* Sooner, by Heaven!  
Their bigot heads shall roll beneath her feet.

*Mina.* [Taking his hand.] We join thee in that pledge; but  
speedy act  
Must wait on quick resolve. The blow is struck:  
Aye, and the rill at dawn that trickled forth,  
From the poor Guardsman's heart, ere noon may swell  
A torrent deep as swept the streets of Cadiz.

*Riego.* Who may such dread catastrophe avert,  
If not Spain's guardian sons who thus watch o'er her?

*Mina.* The man of Arcos and Cabezas! who,  
Like glorious Washington, the first to raise  
The trampled charter of his country's rights,  
Waved it in triumph o'er the oppressor's head.

*San Miguel.* A gloomier day hath come; again 'tis prostrate;  
Soiled with a freeman's blood. Raise it once more,  
And then indeed our country too shall boast  
A name, like Washington's, to bless and honor.

*Riego.* Dear are the noble friends who thus would gild  
Riego's humble name. Oh doubly dear,  
Could they but teach him how to earn a glory,  
Next to the bliss of Heaven, the brightest boon  
Man's heart could ask.

*San Miguel.* They will, or else their hopes,  
Now bright as Heaven, sink in the grave with Spain.

*Riego.* The means? The means?

*Mina.* A just and glorious cause;  
Riego's valiant arm and magic name—

*Riego.* His sword,—and life,—and soul,—all, all are hers.

*Mina.* What need we more? save the stout hearts and true  
Who only ask that thou shouldst lead them on?

*Riego.* Leader of the brave! battling for right!  
O glorious thought!--But--pardon me, my friends:  
No, no! 'Twas selfish.

*Mina.* Selfish?

*San Miguel.* Selfish,—sayst thou?

*Riego.* Presumptuous; rash: it should not—must not be.

*San Miguel.* Thou'lt not refuse?—

*Mina.* Refuse? Foremost to front

His country's foes? I'll not believe it—tho'  
Hell's swarthy monk did lead them on. What heart  
True to the cause could shrink?

*Riego.* The bravest, Mina;  
The bravest well might pause to assume a trust  
Fraught with his country's fate, while generous friends—  
Worthier that honored post—

*Mina.* Hold! Hold! None worthier;  
None but will proudly share thy toils; thy glory.  
*Riego's faithful soldiers; if thou wilt,*  
His friends, his brethren. Spain, thy mother, turns  
To her *Riego*.

*Riego.* O place me where best  
I may serve her; there will I stand—or fall.

*San Miguel.* There spoke her son.

*Riego.* [*Taking their hands.*] Whose title none shall doubt,  
While thou and *Mina* own him for a brother.

*Mina.* A proof more stern her need demands, and time  
Speeds on the trial.

*San Miguel.* The hour approaches we  
Should meet our friends.

*Mina.* Haste we the joyous pledge  
To give, that soon they shall embrace their chief.

*Riego.* The place?—

*San Miguel.* Beneath the lofty elms that skirt  
The Prado's midmost walk—in guise like this.

*San Miguel and Mina.* Adieu! Adieu!

*Riego.* Adieu, my friends. [*Exeunt Mina and San Miguel.*]

RIEGO, *Solus.*

This day against unhappy Spain, once more  
A son uplifts his parricidal hand.  
O Father! Turn the unnatural steel aside;  
Or if in blood 'tis fated to be died,  
From her loved breast let mine avert its aim,  
And spare thy Heavens a scene of deepest guilt and shame.  
[*Exit.*]



## SCENE III.

*The Tambour Hall. KING FERDINAND in his Chair of State, embroidering the Robe; SAEZ; the NUNCIO; CHAMORRO; LADIES; COURTIER; MONKS. A Band of Music without, playing KING FERDINAND'S March. Music ceases.*

*K. Ferdinand.* 'Tis done! 'Tis done! Haste now: the fringe! the fringe! *[Exit First Lady.]*

*The Tambour Frame is removed. Then enter in procession, masked Figures of Moors, Egyptians, Gigantic Men and Women. Then, Boys dancing with Hoops and Bells. Re-enter FIRST LADY.*

*First Lady.* [*Bringing fringes.*] What color would your Majesty choose?

*K. Ferdinand.* Let me think:—Black? What say ye?

*Courtiers, Ladies.* It should be black.

*Chamorro.* Don Pedro likes it not.

*K. Ferdinand.* In sooth, Chamorro, mourning is a dismal sight. White now, methinks—

*Courtiers, Ladies.* O! Much better! Clearly! Decidedly!

*First Courtier.* Why, we call white the Virgin's color.

*Second Courtier.* The happiest day of our lives we are clothed in white.

*Chamorro.* And geese every day: most happy geese.

*First Monk.* The snows from Heaven are white.

*Chamorro.* So are an Old Friar's locks—beneath his cowl.

*K. Ferdinand.* Chamorro's hard to please. After all, blue most strikes my fancy.

*First Courtier.* Now I protest I was just thinking of blue.

*Second Monk.* 'Tis the very hue of Heaven itself.

*K. Ferdinand.* And of sweet Carlota's eyes: [*Aside to second Lady.*] And there's Heaven in them. [*Aside.*] How charmingly she blushes! It shall be blue.

*Ladies, Courtiers.* Blue is best; by all means, blue.

*First Courtier.* A bright thought; was't not?

*Courtiers.* Brilliant! Wonderfully brilliant.

*K. Ferdinand.* What says Chamorro?

*Chamorro.* Don Pedro likes it not.

*Courtiers.* [*Laughing.*] O! Wise Chamorro!

*K. Ferdinand.* How! Pray will your Sapience make a better choice?

*Chamorro.* Freely: for your wise counsellors forget, as does Majesty, the color ye all like most:—the Queen of Colors.

*First Courtier.* The fool means red.

*Chamorro.* That's true. [*Points at him.*] The fool means red: Don Pedro means—[*Laughs*]—All at fault?

*K. Ferdinand.* Say: Speak at once.

*Chamorro.* [*Showing Gold.*] Behold!



*K. Ferdinand.* By our Lady! Chamorro's wiser than ye all:  
Haste! Haste. A fringe of gold. [*Hands Robe to the Ladies,  
who retire aside to put on fringe.*]

*Saez.* [*To Nuncio.*] Mark that! A Fringe  
Of Gold! What think'st thou now of that strange dream?

*Nuncio.* A true foreshadowing of thy sovereign's glory.

*K. Ferdinand.* A dream, say ye!—of me?

*Nuncio.* A wondrous dream!

*K. Ferdinand.* Speak, Saez.

*Saez.* Your Majesty shall hear:—Last night  
A lovely vision blessed my eyes, prefiguring  
All the bright glories of the coming morn.  
As in a polished mirror I beheld  
The pompous cavalcade; the church; the throng;  
And chief—by man adored, by Angels loved—  
Spain's pious King, like Solomon arrayed,  
On reverential knee decking the Virgin  
With her gorgeous robe. That passed: a sudden glow  
Of heavenly light illumed my chamber. Lo!  
Beside my couch descends the Queen of the Angels.  
As rose the Virgin Mother of mankind  
To Adam's view, fresh from her Maker's hand,  
In shape as faultless as her heart was pure;  
So, knowing no sin, before her votary stood  
The blessed Mary. Rapt, entranced I lay.  
As lies the happy infant, pillowed on  
The mother's breast, even with such full content,  
Such sinless ecstasy, my eyes did feast  
Upon her more than bridal loveliness. A Glory,  
Mellow as the rays which crown the setting sun,  
Circled her brow. Beamed her sweet face with smiles,  
More mildly bright than Luna, when mid-way  
Her course she lights the azure dome, and guides  
The lesser orbs through cloudless skies. Her form  
More perfect than did e'er enamored bard  
Conceive, its symmetry displayed through robes  
Of rich embroidery, bordered with gold—

*K. Ferdinand.* Wondrous! [*Takes the Robe.*]  
Wondrous! The very robe thy dream did picture.

*Saez.* 'Tis surely so. Waving her snowy hand,  
Thus her sweet accents fell upon my ear:

*Behold the Gift of Ferdinand the Beloved!*

OUR SON shall hear his vows, his foes confound,  
And bless him with a long and prosperous reign.

*K. Ferdinand.* Thy charming dream inspirits us afresh.

*Nuncio.* Doubt not 'twill be fulfilled.

*K. Ferdinand.* The time's at hand  
That brings the proof. See, Saez, that all be right.

[*Exit Saez, accompanied by Nuncio.*]

[*Receiving the Robe.*] Think ye 'twill do?

*Ladies, Courtiers.* O splendid! Lovely! Superb! Superb!

*First Courtier.* Eight wonders now the world may boast.

*Chamorro.* [*Counts Courtiers.*] And just so many geese.

*Second Courtier.* And that the first. [*Points to Robe.*]

*Chamorro.* Fie! Majesty the first of—geese? Wonderful King; to make a wonder: and most wonderful knaves to find it out. Nine wonders now in all. [*Noise without.*]

*K. Ferdinand.* Hear ye the mighty hum? [*Distant cries.*]

*First Courtier.* Hark! Hark! *Live the Absolute King!*  
'Tis thus they shout. [*Shouts continue.*]

*Re-enter NUNCIO.*

*K. Ferdinand.* His Eminence returns!

*Nuncio.* Your Majesty

Shall see a sight to make ye proud: a host  
Who yearn to greet their King. Ne'er did these eyes  
Behold so vast a throng.

*K. Ferdinand.* And loyal, think'st thou?

*Nuncio.* No Rebel yet they say hath shown his face;  
Save few who whimper round Mamerto's corse.

*K. Ferdinand.* His fate a wholesome lesson, sooth. [*Shouts.*]

*First Courtier.* Again:—

[*Repeats*] *Down with the Charter! Death! Death to Riego!*

*K. Ferdinand.* There's music in those shouts: but here is one  
Can tell us all.

*Re-enter SAEZ.*

Thy looks speak joyous tidings?

*Saez.* Too joyous nigh for utterance. Ah!—The Rebels—

*K. Ferdinand.* The Rebels!—Well:—the Rebels—

*Saez.* Fled!—Scattered

Like frosted leaves before the hurricane.

*K. Ferdinand.* Joy! Victory! Victory! But thou'rt sure of  
this?

*Saez.* A rout! A rout!

*K. Ferdinand.* All, Saez: come tell us all;  
For much I marvel that our hopes, but now  
In the bud, so soon should yield us ripened fruit.

*Saez.* The power that gave those hopes, found trusty hearts  
And valiant arms to avenge thee on thy foes.

At first, among the crowd, seditious cries  
Were faintly heard. In turn, thy loyal guard  
Sent forth a hearty shout, cheering their Sovereign.

'Twas echoed by our friends, who fanned the spark  
Till burst it forth a mighty blaze. Raised high

Above the throng, good Vinuesa praised  
Their holy fervor: pausing then, with hands  
Conjoined, and eyes upcast to Heaven, he called  
Aloud on all to aid in prayer for Ferdinand  
The Beloved. Down at once the Faithful sunk  
On reverential knee. Alone, unmoved,

Stood the proud Liberals and vile Zurriagists;  
With scornful looks defying God and man.  
Thus by unerring test, thy shepherd knew  
Thy favored flock, and marked the goats for vengeance.

*K. Ferdinand.* O! Politic device.

*Saez.* A signal rose:

Swift on the stiff-necked crew rushed gallant Freyre  
Pressing their flying ranks; and still they flee  
Before his eager sword.

*K. Ferdinand.* O! Day of Glory!  
The Blessed Virgin sure a miracle  
Hath wrought to cast our enemies at our feet.

*Nuncio.* The dream! The dream!

*K. Ferdinand.* Aye, a true prophecy.  
Fly, Saez! Bid Alagon complete the work.  
Who spares a traitor now, rebels 'gainst Heaven.  
Haste! Haste!

*Saez.* Your Majesty shall be obeyed. *[Exit Saez.]*

*K. Ferd.* What thinks your Eminence? Should rebels look  
For pardon?

*Nuncio.* Here nor hereafter. By them  
Hell first was peopled.

*K. Ferdinand.* So Saez holds: and thinks  
But for them Hell had ne'er been made. *[Alarms.]* Ha! Hear ye?—  
Again! Take this. *[Gives up the Robe.]* Hear'st thou th' appalling  
sounds?

*Nuncio.* While Alagon commands, they're harbingers  
To thee of safety; to thy foes the knell  
Of death.

*K. Ferdinand.* To my misgiving soul they seem  
The prelude to disastrous issues. *[Alarms.]* Hark!

*Nuncio.* Remember, Victory's promised from above.

*K. Fer.* O! Frail the hope that's built on dreams. See! See!

*Enter UGARTE in great terror, without his Cap or Sword.*

*Ugarte.* O! Holy Virgin!—I—have lost—my breath.—

*Chamorro.* You'll find it with your sword and cap.

*K. Ferdinand.* Speak! Speak!—

*Ugarte.* Blood! Blood! None ever saw more desperate fight.

*Chamorro.* None ever saw more desperate fright.

*K. Ferdinand.* All routed?—

*Ugarte.* Routed!--Murdered. Poor Father Vinuesa!

*K. Ferdinand.* What mean'st thou?

*Ugarte.* The Duke—Alagon—pursued—

*K. Ferdinand.* I know:—Pursued the rebels. Well!

*Ugarte.* Nay! Nay! The guard—that is, Riego—Mina—

*Enter SAEZ.*

*K. Ferdinand.* *[To Ugarte.]* Away! Away!—  
Ah! Saez, I fear the worst.

*Saez.* I met Don Carlos:—

Scarce credible, the dire reverse he bid  
Me tell your Majesty. Poor Vinuesa!

*K. Ferdinand.* Our good confessor—say! O! What of him?

*Saez.* Seized by the infuriate mob, of treasonous plot  
Accused, his sacred office, loyalty  
And age marked him for vengeance; low he lies  
Beneath the spot where but a moment since  
His stifled voice breathed orisons to God.

*K. Fer.* We feel his doom as 'twere our own. Haste, Saez!  
Bid the rash Duke spare further blood, and hither  
Bring back our guard. Haste, Saez!

*Saez.* Would that he might!  
The impetuous Duke—

*K. Ferdinand.* Ha! Murdered too?

*Saez.* Not slain,  
But snared by wily foes; their flight a feint  
To hem him in! Reaching the Prado, off  
At once fell cloak and cowl from seeming Monks,  
And lo! in midst he stood of martial band,  
Their bright swords gleaming in the sun. Fierce Mina  
Fast mows down their ranks, while desperate Riego  
Pursues the flying. [Alarms hard by.]

*K. Ferdinand.* Ah! We're lost! we're lost—

*Saez.* Be Saez' life the pledge for thine. 'Tis Heaven  
To their undoing tempts them on, that thou  
May'st reign in peace.

*K. Ferdinand.* Talk not of peace! [Alarms.] The peace  
Of gleaming swords, of savage yells. They come!  
O! Saez! In thee, next Heaven, is all my trust.

*Enter* RIEGO, MORILLO, BANOS, RUIS, FERRER, *and* *Soldiers.*  
CHAMORRO, UGARTE, *the Courtiers, Monks, and Ladies escape,*  
*crying, Treason! The Guard! The Guard!*

*Riego.* Guard well the passes! [To Morillo.]  
Secure your prisoner! [To Baños.]

[Riego advances towards the King, followed by Baños and his Soldiers. Morillo and his Soldiers remain behind.]

*First Soldier.* Death! Death to the Tyrant!

*Soldiers.* Down! Down with him!

*Morillo.* Nay! Be that glory mine! [Advancing.]

*K. Ferdinand.* O! save me, good Riego! Spare my life!

*Ruis.* He spared not valiant Lacy.

*Ferrer.* No! Nor the high souled Porlier. Life for life!

*Soldiers.* True! Life for life! [They advance.]

*Riego.* [Throwing himself before them.] Hold! Hold!

*Ferrer.* Never before  
Sheltered that generous breast a foe to freedom.

*Morillo.* [Advancing.] By Santiago! Were my Father's breast  
Sole pass to Ferdinand's heart, I'd pierce it thro'.

[Aims at the King: Riego parries the blow and disarms him.]

*Riego.* Thy fault tho' great, Morillo, finds excuse  
In well meant zeal. Spain yet may need thy sword.

[*Gives Morillo his sword.*]

*Morillo.* Morillo's sword ne'er failed till now,—foiled by  
A friend! By Hell! It burns to wash away,  
In blood, this first disgrace.

*Riego.* A truer aim  
Had dimmed it with foul spots not time had e'er  
Effaced: but now 'twill win fresh lustre when  
Again on the bright fields of honor meeting  
The warrior's steel.

*Ruis.* Honor o'er scrupulous  
Doth oft, like treachery, mar an honest cause.

*Morillo.* Treachery could do no worse.

*Ferrer.* Had Mina led,  
Our swords e'er now had drained the monster's veins.

*K. Ferdinand.* Talk not of swords! There is no need; for now  
I know my people's wish, and before Heaven  
And them will pledge my royal word to keep  
Their chartered law.

*Ferrer.* That word was pledged before:—

*Ruis.* Thrice pledged, and trebly forfeit.

*Several Soldiers.* Death to Ferdinand

*Riego.* Aye! Death:—if such the nation's will. Till that  
Be known, Baños will answer for his life. [*Baños bows.*]  
Morillo's place to keep the servile bands  
From hence, and intercept the flying guard.

*First Soldier.* Death! Death to bloody Ferdinand!

*Several Soldiers.* Justice! Justice!  
For Spain!

*Riego.* Who here may speak for Spain? Who rail  
'Gainst tyranny, and yet so well enact  
The tyrant's part? Their will sole arbiter  
Of death or life? Who talk of justice; yet  
Would in her sacred seat instate mad vengeance?  
No! Spaniards! Tyrant, murderer, as he is,  
Let us not stain our souls with crimes like his,  
And turn to frowns the smiles of Heaven, now gilding  
Our noble cause.—Soldiers! Brave Sons of Spain!  
Before her Cortes let Spain's faithless King  
Answer her stern impeachment. Not for blood:—  
'Tis for our country's right we draw the sword:  
Remember this, and let our watchword be,  
*Spain! Our beloved Spain! Redeemed and free!*

[*Exeunt Riego, and Soldiers, Band playing Riego's Hymn. Baños and other Soldiers guard the King to the interior of the Palace. Morillo retires sullenly with his soldiers.*]

SAEZ: *The NUNCIO.*

*Saez.* O conscientious! Justice-loving traitor  
O law-revering outlaw!



*Nun.* Merciful

Withal, his sovereign lives to attest.

*Saez.* He doth;

And to requite his subject's clemency.

I laugh to see the valiant rebel marching

Thus gaily to his doom.

*Nun.* Rebels are they

Who fail; success makes heroes.

*Saez.* He *hath* failed!

Foregone the vantage his rash valor won,

And left unplucked the fruits of victory.

Will Fortune, think'st thou, lavish smiles on him

Who slights her favors?

*Nun.* Leaves she not now

His monarch in his power?

*Saz.* A bootless bounty:

Morillo would have rolled the monarch's head

Beside his feet. Romantic fool!

*Nun.* Would that he were!

Not so, Saez, the world doth rate him.

*Saez.* True: in the world's cant phrase, a generous hero.

And such kind nature meant him, but o'erdid

Her work, stifling the hero's qualities

With seed of loftier virtues. Brave, she made him;

Ambitious: Aye, he would be great; but yet

Would shun the crooked paths which lead to greatness.

Lo! Clad in Honor's time-worn coat of mail,

And brandishing on high the rusty lance

Of Justice, like La Mancha's crazy knight,

He sallies forth to right all wrongs; aloud

Chaunting the praises of the mountain nymph,

Sweet Liberty; a bold-faced wanton, eager

To meet the ravisher's embrace; in his

Enchanted eye forsooth, a peerless angel.

*Nun.* Verily, verily, thine is the land of Quixotes.—

But if thou dost discern one ray of hope—

*Saez.* Hope?—Triumph! Vengeance! Speedy vengeance on

Its guilty authors. Come: Your Eminence

Ere long shall see the mystery solved, and find

Our barque in trim to meet a fiercer storm.

The trusty Pilot of the State who sees

The rising whirlwind in the playful breeze,

Forewarned, forearmed, his helm serenely guides

Thro' starless nights, and 'mid tempestuous tides;

By Hope inspired, beholds beyond the gloom,

The brightening sky its cheering lights relume;

The winds that waked in wrath the mighty deep,

Soft zephyrs gently fanning it asleep;

And its broad face a beaming mirror glow,

Showing to the Heavens above, a Heaven below.

[*Exeunt.*



## ACT THIRD.

## SCENE I.

*An inner Court of the Palace. MORILLO walking to and fro. SAEZ and ABISBAL behind a projection of the wall.*

*Morillo. [Pausing.]* Was it for this we made him chief? To  
yield

The spoils we had battled for,—and won?

Giving our vanquished foe his forfeit life

To take our own? Abisbal's in the right.

Aye! I mistook the Leader and the cause:

Hell take them both! [*Walks on.*]

*Saez.* Our prize will strike at summons, Count.

*Abisbal.* Think you he'll wait for that?

*Morillo. [Pausing.]* He should have kept that canting homily  
To edify the Cortes. Ha! One blow,

And all was ours, to carve at will. Gone—gone:—

Power, Riches, Empire, bartered off—for glory!

A moon-made rainbow! *Hail to the great Deliverer!*

*The dauntless chief, who curbed Spain's tyrant king;*

*Then bared his breast to shield that tyrant from*

*Bloody Morillo.* Yes! The blacker they

Paint me, the brighter he shall shine: and here

Stand I, much like a fiend in hell that's damned

To gaze on angels soaring 'mid the skies. [*Walks on.*]

*Saez.* Now's your time.

*Abisbal.* Nay, hark!

*Morillo.* But that his falcon eye met mine, this sword  
Had sought a fitter sheath than Ferdinand's breast.

The Turtle-hearted fool! Why, what care I?

Let Ferdinand live: 'tis just his hand prepare

The cup shall recompense his savior's mercy.

Hell's chaldron can supply no hotter draught.

*Saez.* I leave thee, Count, no dubious work. Make sure  
your grappling.

*Abisbal.* As with hooks of steel.

*Saez.* Gold; Gold. [*Saez retires: Abisbal advances.*]

*Morillo.* My charge to arrest all friendly to the King.

*Abisbal.* From whom?

*Morillo. [With anger.]* From—from the Military Chief.

*Abisbal.* Riego? And durst he assign Morillo

This catchpole duty?

*Mor.* 'Sdeath! [*Half draws his sword.*] But no—thou'rt right:  
An Alguazil might do such work as well.

*Abisbal.* Yet soldiers must obey their seniors, Count.

*Morillo.* He's not my senior. Death and Hell! Must I  
Whose blood bedewed the distant wilds of Mexic,  
Crouch to this new fledged hero, who the while,  
Lay nestling in his downy bed. Pass! Pass!

*Abisbal.* Such kindness to an old friend might cause thee peril.  
Pray take my sword: 'twill win Riego's favor.

*Morillo.* Curse on his favor:—curse upon myself,  
That e'er I hearkened to his threadbare cant.

*Abisbal.* The King knows well 'tis that poisons thy soul.  
Ah! Didst thou know his heart, thou'dst be the first  
To free him from the man he most abhors.

*Morillo.* Should I not first then strike the traitor down,  
Who 'gainst his sov'reign's breast durst raise his arm?

*Abisbal.* Nay—Pierce the miscreant first, whose traitorous  
counsels  
Seduced thee from thy duty.

*Morillo.* I may own  
To thee, *Abisbal*, I repent the deed  
As one my life can ne'er atone: but still  
Hate from my soul the hand that foiled my sword.

*Abisbal.* The King protests he sooner had met death  
From thee, than owe his safety to Riego.

*Morillo.* Why, Count, methought Riego was the King's  
Best friend; his savior; and chiefest favorite;  
Ruler of all Galicia; is he not?

*Abisbal.* He spurns the gift, and now 'tis held for one—  
Wiser and worthier. O, what honors might  
Not thou and Ballesteros share, would ye  
But join to crush the mushroom patriot, who  
Detests all tyrants—save himself.

*Morillo.* Could I  
But think—our gracious Sovereign would forgive—

*Abisbal.* Hear it from his own lips—

[*MORILLO beckons; an Officer approaches.*]

*Morillo.* Lead back thy soldiers  
Whence they came. Count, thy hand. I fain would speak  
Of this more fully with your Excellency,—  
In my quarters:—What say'st thou?

*Abisbal.* Willingly.

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## SCENE II.

*A Hall in the Palace. SAEZ; the NUNCIO; meeting.*

*Nuncio.* How seems the fallen Monarch?

*Saez.* Fallen, indeed!

The wretch his mother painted him; without  
One ray of virtue to relieve his blackness.

By sworded rebels hedged around, hard by  
The wrangling Hall he sits, chilled, pale, aghast;  
The image of a tortured heretic.  
The very rabble, awed by kings till he  
First broke the spell, scoff him as wont to scoff  
The baited brute who shuns the lance-armed Picadore:  
While he to win their vulgar pity, shaking  
With terror, feigns—an ague fit; outruns  
Their asking; vows to shut the Holy office;  
Suppress our sacred order; and renounce  
Each attribute of King to keep the name.

*Nuncio.* 'Twere hard to say which most to be despised,  
Thy craven King or rebel dynasty.

*Saez.* Already Britain's Envoy turns his back  
In scorn upon our rabble court.

*Nuncio.* Thus too  
The Nuncio should rebuke the Judas who  
Would twice betray his master.

*Saez.* Nay, therein  
Thy zeal would err. True, Ferdinand hath twice  
Proved false to Rome; yet never with her foes  
Once kept he faith: nor means it now. He will  
Be true again—when the cold fit is off.

*Nuncio.* Thou thinkst at heart he still would cling to Rome?

*Saez.* Must—as to life; so Rome should cleave to him.  
Fall when it may, the tottering throne of Spain  
Drags down St. Peter's chair; and blind our wrath  
To shake the pillars which uphold them both.

*Nuncio.* Thy wisdom is the lamp shall guide my steps.

*Saez.* A brighter light shall guide us both; Rome's glory:—  
And Ferdinand be the besom which shall sweep  
Her foes from Spain.

*Nuncio.* Leopards may change their spots;—  
What miracle shall give the Spanish hare  
A lion's soul?

*Saez.* A miracle indeed;  
A Bourbon sent to vanquish and to save:  
Sure triumph in defeat.

*Nuncio.* But say, good Saez,  
A captive as he is, how end his thrall,  
Ere reckless from despair his gaolers wreak  
Swift vengeance on his head? The means; the means.

*Saez.* Enough? All means which serve the end; the same  
Which gave our meek society to sway  
The sceptre of the earth, and wield the keys  
Of Heaven: the same that served our great Loyola  
In straits more perilous, when piercing with  
A prophet's eye the stream of time, he spied  
Danger's grim form beneath its placid surface.  
Our Church, tho' builded on a rock, he knew  
Must meet conflicting winds of doctrine; worse,

The mining wave of infidelity.  
Its steeple, topped with the triumphant cross,  
He saw already trembling at the gate  
Of Heaven: the magic keys had lost their charm;  
The pictured woes of disembodied souls,  
The boon, even of immortal bliss, dim shadowed  
Beyond the vale of Death, more faintly touched  
Man's sluggish soul, than pain or pleasure palpable  
To sense. The glory of the Holy See  
Inspired his thoughts: he sought,—he found,—the means  
To quell her foes and save her rocking edifice:—  
Uniting to Saint Peter's heavenly gift  
That Key of Keys which opes the human breast.

*Nuncio.* A weapon surer than the conqueror's sword.

*Saez.* More potent than the fabled lever—for  
*It moves* the world. Possessed of that, his followers,—  
Knights of the Virgin, Soldiers of the Pope—  
Went forth to cope with men—and conquer them.

*Nuncio.* In Saez' hands it was not like to fail.

*Saez.* Once found, it could not fail. Entering at will  
Sin's secret chamber, I explored, unseen,  
Its dark recesses—read the Statesman's craft;  
The Hero's fears; the Patriot's selfish schemes  
For public weal; and found the paradox  
A truth—that virtue is but vice disguised.  
Vice,—a mean coin of basest metal,—passes,  
Ungilded, but for what 'tis worth; while virtue,—  
That same base coin with gilded coat,—is palmed  
Upon the world for solid gold. Pelf rules  
The mass: the elect by pride, ambition,  
Vain glory swayed. Hence Scipio was forbearing;  
Lucretia chaste; and Aristides just:  
Hence needy Cato spurned a bribe; and Curtius  
Leapt the gulf.

Passing the common herd,  
I sought the aspiring chiefs; with odious truth  
Painted the changeful mob: place, titles, gold,—  
Convincing proofs;—gave to their eager hopes;  
And led them back by interest's golden chain  
To duty. Well; let moralists declaim;  
Say, does not Heaven itself reward repentant guilt?

*Nuncio.* The end doth sanctify the means; and such  
The golden tenet of our Holy Order.

*Saez.* In brief, for one whose prudish modesty  
Declined the boon he craved, thousands I found  
More honest who obeyed their hearts: for one  
Riego, scores of Abisbals. Thus count  
We on a host. The High Grandeza, prompt  
To serve the King, that they may rule the mass:  
The Church, with pillars based upon the throne  
It proudly canopies, will lend its aid,

Like Heaven's magnificent dome, to shelter that  
On which it rests: while those who won their way  
By noisiest yells 'gainst venal power, will prove  
Power's surest props.

*Nuncio.* Yet what may all avail  
Against the million, and the million's Idol?

*Saez.* This hour the million greets their Idol's triumph:  
Mark me: the next they'll tread him under foot.

*Nuncio.* My heart revives: thou'st given me hope where I  
Had feared a wreck.

*Saez.* O that the King had nerve  
To bear him up! The very dogs who, if  
He flee, will bark and bite, would, were he firm,  
Turn their vile backs, or lick his hand for favor.  
But soon our doubts must be resolved. Till then,  
I bid your Eminence adieu!

*Nuncio.* Heaven speed  
Good Saez!

*Saez.* Short be the interval that parts us—  
Happy the moment we shall meet again.

[EXEUNT.]

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### SCENE III.

*The Hall of the Cortes. The Cortes in session. RIEGO, President, near a table on which are books, papers, &c. On one side of him the Secretary; on the other SAN MIGUEL, Minister of War. Behind the President's chair, is a throne or chair of state, at the foot of which stands KING FERDINAND in the act of taking the oath, which RIEGO is tendering, to support the Constitution. Over the throne is inscribed FERNANDO VII THE FATHER OF HIS COUNTRY. In front of the lower gallery, SOVEREIGNTY RESIDES ESSENTIALLY IN THE NATION. On slabs in letters of gold the names of PORTIER, LACY, ALVAREZ, ALCEVEDO, &c. Separate Tribunes are occupied by the QUEEN, the INFANTS, Officers of Government, Ambassadors, Spectators, &c.*

*K. Ferdinand.* And if in aught I act counter to what I have sworn, let my commands be disobeyed and held for naught.

*Riego.* This thou swearest—by God and his Holy Gospels.

*K. Ferdinand.* I do: and may that God so help me as I truly keep my oath. [Kisses the Book.]

[Cries of "Long live the Constitutional King. Long live the free Nation."]

Señors! Believe me on a monarch's word,  
Your cheering voices fill my heart with joy:  
Much too I thank you, for the kind concern  
Prompts ye to wish that I should leave Madrid.  
Briefly on that I would consult my council,  
And give anon an answer shall content ye.



*Riego.* Your Majesty, may not the Cortes trust,  
In this as all things else, will counsel take  
From Spaniards true to Spain? Thus will her King  
Compass her welfare, and secure a gem  
More brilliant than the eye of Brama's God—  
A Nation's Love. Ah! Make that jewel thine;  
And henceforth ever may its lucid beams  
Irradiate the throne of San Fernando.

[*The King bows, and preceded by the Queen, &c. retires, amid cries as before. He is met by Saez. The rod is replaced, and the deputies resume their hats and seats.*]

[*To San Miguel.*] Your Excellency will please resume.

*San Miguel.* [*Reads.*] We come as friends, to save you from the pestilence that ravages Spain, and taints with poisonous breath the air of France—[a laugh.]—To re-build your altars—to re-establish order, justice, and peace. Believe the word of a Bourbon—[a loud laugh.]

*Ruis.* [*Aside to Ferrer.*] A Bourbon's word! Why 'tis as good as his oath.

*Ferrer.* Aye, in France.—In Spain when one doth coin an incredible lie, 'tis called—a Bourbon. [*RIEGO rings the bell.*]

*San Miguel.* [*Reads.*] A faction rules your land—

*Several Members.* That's true! True! True!

*San Miguel.* [*Reads.*] 'Tis time to check this anarchy which disturbs thine and the world's repose. Spaniards! France wars not with Spain. [*Laughter and murmurs.*] Sprung from the Bourbon blood I come to free your captive monarch; save your suffering priests—[*Voices.* Aye! Aye!] and rescue Spain from slavery. [*A laugh.*] That done we seek again our homes, proud to have restored your happiness and honor.

LOUIS ANTOINE.

*Riego.* Señors! Ye've heard the high behests of France.  
Disclaiming war, already she hath forced  
Bidassoa's neutral stream, and plants her foot  
Upon the neck of Spain. Like hungry wolves  
Adown the Pyrenees her legions rush  
Upon our plains, eager for Spanish blood.  
Roused by the shouts of Spain's unfettered sons,  
All Europe's banded despots throng  
To forge new chains,—while England—Sidney's England—  
Unmoved, beholds the death-strife of a people  
Left by the world—in the world's cause—alone  
To meet the accursed conspiracy of Kings.  
A second Bourbon comes to give us law;  
What honest heart but burns with shame to view  
A hostile banner flaunting o'er the land  
That gave him birth? Shame! Tenfold shame  
On France! whose giddy sons erst seizing Freedom's  
Torch, fired her holy temple, and would now,  
Reversing God's great law, wrap th' earth in darkness.  
Must Spaniards quaff this cup of infamy?



Submit to a foreign yoke,—the slaves of slaves—  
 Or will they not, forgetting private griefs,  
 Brother with brother linked, in his own blood  
 Blot out the footsteps of the foe, and teach  
 The meddling Gaul, Spain needs no foreign hand,—  
 And least of all a Bourbon's—to maintain  
 Her freedom or her honor? [*Applause.*] Señors! Your answer.

[*Cries of Death to Angouleme! Death to the Bourbons!* RIEGO rings.]

*Abisbal.* Señors! A hundred thousand bayonets gleam  
 O'er Spain: your wisdom, still may rescue her;  
 Your rashness make her fields a lake of blood.  
 Is war a pastime, think ye, to be played  
 With empty coffers? troops half clothed, half armed?  
 Dispirited?—'gainst numbers twice their own?—  
 Whom one day's march may bring upon Madrid?

*Galiano.* Who stops to count his country's enemies?  
 'Tis not their valor:—treachery at home  
 Invites them on. Were all who murmur true,  
 These skipping Gauls would show the morning sun  
 Their homeward tracks upon the mountain snows.

[*Sev. Voices.* True, *Galiano*, true!]

*Enter a Messenger, who hands a paper to the Secretary, and exit.*

*Secretary.* A message from the King.

*Riego.* The Royal message claims precedence.

*Secretary.* [*Reads.*] Señors: I have weighed your reasons for my leaving Madrid. My health, my conscience and the love I bear my people forbid me to comply. Of aught else I would confer, if need there be, through trusty Suez.

I THE KING.

[*Great murmurs.*]

*Several Members.* A fetch! A trick!

*Ferrer.* The King's old malady; a most civil, courtier-like complaint,—which at the Royal bidding, comes and goes.

*Ruis.* Don Joaquin errs. 'Tis the plague which scourges Spain—not that France comes to cure, but that she seeks to spread. 'Tis named *The Gallomania*.

*Galiano.* 'Tis madness—or 'tis worse. The Charter doth alone prescribe a cure; and that I now propose. [*Hands a paper.*]

*Secretary.* [*Reads.*] Señor Galiano proposes *That the King be declared in a state of moral disability, and his functions devolved ad interim on a regency.*

*Arguelles.* Señors! Let not our Ruler's frantic act,  
 The fruit perchance of evil counsels, drive us  
 To rash resolves:—a mission sent direct  
 May disabuse his mind, and show the gulf  
 In which he else may plunge himself and Spain.

*Several Members.* Agreed! Content!

*Riego.* Señors! Is such your pleasure? None dissent.  
 Valdes, Becerra, Soria, will bear the message.

[*The deputation retire.*]

*Ruis.* Aye! Señors! Well the Royal Duke hath said,  
A faction curses Spain:—a mongrel brood  
Of Gallo-Spaniards, hatched in the palace;  
And longing now to leap into his arms. [*Eyes Abisbal.*]

*Abisbal.* Arrows when shot in air may chance to light  
Upon the bowman's head. Abisbal's honor  
Questioned, here or elsewhere, finds a ready voucher.

*Ruis.* The recreant sword, which leaps not forth to meet  
Our country's foes, will never daunt her friends.

*Riego.* [*Rings.*] Señors! No place is this for bloody feuds;  
Nor field for swords. Your answer to the Duke.

*Ruis.* What need of answer? Rather let us tear  
The canting manifesto into shreds!  
Then trample it beneath our feet—full in  
His envoy's face—and send him back to tell  
His master. [*Cheers.*]

*Ferrer.* Nay, best use the trashy stuff  
As wadding for our cannon, and so make  
It carry its own answer back; 'twill go  
The quicker.

*Several Voices.* Good! Good! Right! Ferrer! Right!

*Abisbal.* Señors, this is no time for jests.

*A Servile.* True, Abisbal:

*Abisbal.* Nor will these air-gun pellets fright the French.  
The Duke still proffers peace: why spurn his friendship?  
Why doubt his royal word?

*Arguelles.* I fear, my friends,  
Ye're rash with our good King's good Cousin and Brother.  
Hath he not led his *Cordon Sanitaire*  
Across our snowy barrier, here,—into  
The very midst of pestilence,—to fright  
It off with guns and trumpets? [*A laugh.*] How then doubt  
His royal word—ye, who know princes are  
Mirrors of Truth and Honor? Mark ye; *France*  
*Wars not with Spain*—why, no! She doth but send  
Her hundred thousand bayonets to ensure  
Our peace! She would have us free—free as herself,—  
And sends her hundred thousand slaves to teach us  
Freedom! She would annul our naughty law;  
Giving instead, sage pandects—much approved,  
At Laybach and Troppau. She is our friend;  
Our ally: come to rescue Spain from—Spaniards  
And give her to the care of Gauls and Calmucks! [*Cheers.*]  
How can we thank enough such friends who, from  
Sheer love, would force us to be free? Wage war  
To give us peace;—and merely cut our throats  
To make us happy! But why—why, this vile  
Hypocrisy expose; seen and despised  
By every honest heart? 'Tis Liberty,  
My friends—that, that's the pestilence whose spread  
These Holy Allies dread—what tyrant doth not?

But spite of open foe and prudent friends, [*Eyes Abisbal.*]  
Spain shall be free. Let the proud Bourbon come!  
When France appeals to her crusading Saint,  
Spain shall invoke her God—the God of Justice—  
Who crowned her arms at Roncesvaux and Quentin.

[*Loud cheers from the Liberals. Several members of the King's party rise to speak.*]

*Enter VALDES, BECERRA and SORIA, who take seats in front of the chair.*

*Several members.* Don Cayetano!—

*Valdes.* Our mission fails; the king declines to leave Madrid. To all we urged, he answered shortly—  
*I have spoken.*

*Arguelles.* And that his sole reply? [*The deputation all bow.*]

*Galiano.* Then I demand the vote: Who now can doubt  
A transient madness seizes on the King?

Or he must be unkinged or Spain must fall. [*Great applause.*]

*Abisbal.* His Majesty desires to speak thro' Saez.

Would ye condemn unheard, or do ye fear

Saez may confound your learned orators?

*Ruis.* The Conde's right. Our King's both deaf and mute.  
Let him then hear thro' Saez' ears, and speak  
Thro' Saez' mouth.

*Several Voices.* Leave! Leave! a seat for Saez!

*Riego.* If none gainsay, Don Victor is received.

[*Saez advances and takes his seat near the centre of the Hall.*]

*Abisbal.* [*Taking off his hat.*] Señors, let not unseemly haste  
o'erleap

All courtesy. We hold the King as present;

Yet sit we covered; and the threatening rod

Retains its place. [*All of the King's party take off their hats.*]

*Galiano.* Whence in Abisbal springs

This new-born zeal for royalty? this deference

For rank,—though held by wretches who disgrace it?

I do remember now; for Caius Cæsar

His vile Courtiers claimed it,—and next, for that

Far worthier brute, Cæsar's fourfooted consul.

*Riego.* Remove the rod. [*The rod is removed.*] In all that  
doth concern

The King, Don Victor hath free scope to speak.

*Saez.* Thanks, Señor: thanks to all. And now since 'tis

Our Sovereign's will, and Saez may freely speak

In his behalf, I ask on what pretence

The Father of his Country—so ye style him—

Spain's lawful Prince—for so has God ordained him—

While toiling for God's glory—and for Spain's

By sacrilegious ruffians hath been seized:—

Even in the sanctuary of his palace?

And now must suffer exile from Madrid,

Or yield his throne? who will these mysteries solve?  
Who vindicate the wrong?—I pause for answer.

*Arguelles.* O! Specious ignorance! Don Victor Saez!  
Adviser, conscience-keeper of the King,—  
Forgets the mightier wrongs his master's hand  
Inflicts—and innocently asks, how durst  
The tortured sufferers resist?

*Ruis.* [*Aside to Ferrer.*] Now, Ferrer,  
Mark how the devil can plead: that monk will face  
It out, the ravenous tiger doth the lamb  
Pursue for very kindness.

*Ferrer.* [*Aside to Ruis.*] Nay, will swear  
Away the flying lambkin's life, on plea  
Of thirsting for the tiger's blood.

*Saez.* Well parried:  
Arguelles shows his training, and would shun  
The point,—which met, might pierce too sharply. Not Saez'—  
Nor yet the King's misdeeds the question now,  
As he would have it—but yours, my Señors, yours.  
Your warrant! Aye the law!—Ye stickle much  
For law—which makes ye greater than your monarch:  
Your law! your law!

*Arguelles.* And why may we, too, not  
Appeal to that high source whence tyrants falsely  
Deduce their fell prerogatives, and say—  
The law divine, with life impressed on all  
That breathe, taught us to stay the bloody arm  
Uplifted to destroy us?

*Saez.* Wisely doth  
Arguelles cite a law from mortal ken  
So far removed, none may disprove his reading.

*Arguelles.* Vainly doth Saez a law deny all earth  
Attests; proclaimed in thunders, that the deaf  
May hear it: traced in characters of light  
The blind must see. The new born infant owns  
Its force, and vengeful insects oft have taught  
It to the doubting sage. But if alone  
Saez know not, or knowing, disavow  
Heaven's holy law, Spain's written statute too  
Will he dispute—which holds all Spaniards, high  
And low, who foreign foes shall bring within  
Her realm, or aid them there, for outlawed traitors?

*Saez.* Who gave that law to Spain? Who but her kings?  
From them alone comes all its binding force.  
Monarchs make laws for subjects to obey:  
Not chains to bind themselves. Sovereignty needs  
Must be supreme; and hence, above the law.  
The learned Arguelles scarce will question this.

*Arguelles.* 'Tis a sound tenet—strangely urged by Saez:  
For he must know, what Spain herself proclaims—  
That in the nation, not the King, resides

That sovereignty he truly paints supreme.

*Ruis.* [*Aside to Ferrer.*] The Jesuit's answered, now.

*Ferrer.* Who conquers him, beats Lucifer.

*Saez.* Error on error piled—is error still:

Your boasted edict smacks of its earthy source.  
From human statutes kings derive no power;  
Brook no restraint. From loftier fountains flow  
Their vast prerogatives. Ambassadors  
From God, they are a law unto themselves;  
Or only that obey ordained by Him  
Whose power they wield.

*Arguelles.* Who plays the sophist now?

Point Saez to heaven, he cannot soar so high:  
To earth,—he cannot stoop so low. But now  
The sky's dense curtain from his eye concealed  
Nature's first law; now 'tis a veil of gossamer  
To show the tyrant's patent. [*Applause.*]

*Galiano.* Need Saez be told

That kings ere now, who impiously have claimed  
A warrant from above for their misrule,  
Have fearfully been taught that not in Heaven  
Alone the power to check their mad caprice?  
Doth he forget that Athens at a blow  
Cut off her thirty tyrants? Tarquin;—Cæsar;—  
Have they not each immortalized a Brutus?

*Saez.* Come Galiano and Arguelles here  
To chaunt the praise of regicides and traitors?  
To preach rebellion, and to draw their text  
From distant land and age remote? Our country,  
Heaven be praised, shapes not her polity  
By foreign models; nor doth precedents  
Supply to prop the cause of anarchy.

*Arguelles.* All thanks to Saez, who lauds her bright example.  
Till Monks became her masters, in what region  
Of the earth dwelt spirits more bold and free? Stern Aragon  
With rugged hand, throning his monarch, thus  
Addressed him.—*I, whose power surpasses thine,  
Make thee my king, provided thou respect'st  
My rights: if not—NOT.* And his lovely partner,  
The fair Castile, in her unwedded prime,  
Brutal Orduno and the stubborn Henry  
Strip of the regal robe?

*Saez.* Our business, Señors,  
Is with the passing hour: nor leisure leaves  
To study now these ancient chronicles.

[*Enter a Messenger who hands a packet to the Secretary, and Exit.*]

*Galiano.* Shall we then paint our country as she is?  
The victim of misrule:—by her own sons  
An offering to the knives of foreign butchers? [*Murmurs.*]



*Secretary.* [To Riego.] From Don Francisco Mina.

[Hands the packet to Riego, who, during the debate, glances over it with intense interest.]

*Riego.* [To Galiano.] Proceed.

*Galiano.* Yes, my Señors; a common instinct,  
May we not fear, a secret pact, unites  
Spain's servile faction with that Brotherhood  
Of felons whose misnamed alliance first  
In Hell was formed, to oppress the world: to make  
A spoil of rights without which man, designed  
To walk erect, creeps a dishonored reptile:  
To filch from him the liberty of thought,  
The freedom of the soul: all, all save that  
Which fits him for a slave. Behold your prisons!  
The dungeons of your Holy Inquisition:  
Those tombs wherein the buried find no rest:  
Your racks—your gibbets—reeking with the blood  
Of Freedom's noblest sons. [Looks to the names of Porlier, &c.]

But wherefore crimes  
Recite which fill the land with grief and horror?  
*Saez.* The crimes were theirs—ay, theirs who paid the forfeit.  
But why waste breath to prove before our day  
Spain teemed with traitors?—None stands here so bold  
As charge his lawful sovereign with a crime  
Whereat his factious subjects dare take umbrage?

[RIEGO descends from the chair, giving it to GENER.]

*Riego.* If truth be treason, mark me down that traitor:  
And be my head first placed upon the block. [Great applause.]  
A Turk,—a knouted Russ,—would blush to own  
The creed our Ruler and his serfs promulge.  
Not obsolete, thank Heaven, the lessons they  
Deride. Still—from above—the Thunderer sounds  
His awful edict—*blood for blood*—and Earth  
Responds. England struck off a Stuart's head,  
And France a Bourbon's; yet were Charles and Louis  
Patterns of excellence compared with one—

*Serviles.* Treason! Treason!

*Liberals.* Hear him! Hear him!

*Riego.* A Monster—[Great confusion: GENER rings.]  
A heartless, faithless, bloody Monster—  
—Whose guiltier deeds—[cries of Treason! Treason!]  
—Whose guiltier deeds, long-suffering Spain—would still  
Forgive.

[Cries of Treason! Order! Name him! GENER rings violently.]

*Riego.* I paint a wretch without a soul. Let him  
Who will, find out the likeness.

*Saez.* Name him;—name him:

*Riego.* His name doth stare thee in the face. [Points to the  
inscription. Great confusion: cries of Treason! Brave Riego!]



*Gener.* [*Rings.*] Señors! This tumult may not be allowed. Members will take their seats. [*All sit.*]

*Ruis.* [*Aside to Ferrer.*] A home thrust, Ferrer—Poor Saez! He's sadly gored: stock still! Dead! Dead! [*SAEZ rises.*]

*Ferrer.* Lo! then! A miracle—the dead hath risen.

*Saez.* And is it thus—[*Much angry talking and gesture.*]

*Gener.* [*Rings.*] Don Victor must be heard.

*Saez.* Nay, let the storm howl on: its pointless shafts Harm not the sacred head at which they are aimed.

And yet such scenes were fitter for the Halls

Of La Fontana. Bold invective here

Takes not the place of proof. Your proofs; your proofs.

*Riego.* And stunning proofs they are. [*Holds up the packet.*]

*Liberals.* Hear! Hear Riego!

*Riego.* Rather hear

The witness Providence hath sent to vouch

A treachery else too monstrous for belief:

To tell us of a King—a Spanish King—

Who would betray his country and himself

To invading foes.

*Saez.* And who shall vouch the voucher?

*Riego.* The King's sign manual—The attesting seal—  
See!—Of Don Victor Saez! Found on a courier

Fast speeding to the camp of Angoulême;

And yielded but with life. The master-spirit

Remains,—if not invisible—unharm'd. [*Eyes SAEZ.*]

Aye, adding guilt to guilt, but now suborned

His high compeer in sight of Heaven to vow

Fidelity to Spain while yet the ink

Was moist, which ratified this perjured league.

Señors! Ye'll bear me witness, that so far

'Midst Ferdinand's worst excesses, I have upheld

The throne's just powers. He leaves us now no choice.

My friend was right; a moral impotence

Unfits him at a time like this, to wield

The nation's sceptre. [*Applause*] Señors! Ye've heard the charge.

[*SAEZ rises: RIEGO resumes the Chair.*]

*Saez.* Say that the charge were true, what answer due,

But that the King, sole source of civil power,

Like Him from whom alone he holds his crown,

Can do no wrong.

*Riego.* Hath Saez aught more to urge?

*Saez.* Aye, briefly this—

That ye renounce all right to judge your King:

Or hold his sacred person in duress:

Restore him to his throne, and at his feet

Contritely sue for pardon.—I am done.

[*The Serviles cheer: The Liberals smile contemptuously.*]

With humble thanks to all, I take my leave. [*Exit SAEZ.*]

*Riego.* Señors! Debate is closed. The question—*Shall A Regency preside o'er Spain? Your votes.*  
 [Deputies ballot, and hand their ballots to the Secretary, who counts them, and in low tone announces the result to RIEGO.]

'Tis carried. Valdes, Ciscar, Vigodet,  
 Will form the Regency, 'till Ferdinand  
 Be re-installed.—The Cortes stands dissolved.

[The deputies disperse, RIEGO by the door in front of the Stage—the rest by opposite doors. Confused cries in the Streets of "Live the Regency!" "Long live Riego!" Presently, "Live the King!" "The absolute King!"]

#### SCENE IV.

*A Street in front of the Cortes-Hall—RIEGO and MINA meet, watched by SAEZ. Shouts continue, "Long live the King!"*

*Mina.* Hark! Hear ye that, my friend? The King grows strong,  
 With every league the Duke gains on Madrid.

[Shouts without. "The Inquisition!" "The absolute King!" "Death to Riego!" "Death to the Nation!"]

Ha! Harken to thy doom and Spain's.

*Riego.* Not Spain's;  
 While Mina wears a sword.

*Mina.* A toy, Riego;  
 An idle weapon; sleeping in its sheath,  
 When it should free her from her traitor King.

*Riego.* That blame, if blame it be, thy friends must share.

*Mina.* A blame it is; a fault; a fatal fault.  
 Why throw the mantle of the law round him  
 Who tramples it beneath his feet?

*Riego.* Because,  
 Like him we would not tread it under ours;  
 Trust me, that State's enslaved where power abides  
 In one, or many, greater than the State;  
 Tho' found in Virtue's hand, and used against  
 The bad: the bad in turn will wield it; then,  
 What safety for the best? Did Mercy ne'er  
 Ward off the stroke of Justice, few would pass  
 Unscarred. 'Twere wanton cruelty to crush  
 The fangless adder: rest of his bloody sceptre  
 Let Ferdinand live: a hostage in our hands  
 His fears shall guarantee Spain's peace, or else  
 God's law as man's, give license to our swords  
 To hew it from his heart.

*Mina.* Heaven bids us bruise  
 The serpent's head; we slay ferocious brutes:  
 Shall these, by instinct ruled, be punished, while

Man, reason-gifted man escapes, his hand  
 Stained with his brother's blood? The despot like  
 The pirate, foe to his kind, nor mercy shows  
 Nor mercy doth deserve. But come;  
 My eager Navarrese our promise claim  
 To meet half way the nimble-footed apes  
 Who have already scaled the Guadarrama.  
 Yon gathering clouds will make a brief twilight  
 And favor our emprise.

*Riego.* Watched as we are,  
 'Twere best not stir 'til Night's black shadow fall  
 On the Earth: meantime let thy brave soldiers rest;  
 Then rise refreshed, and without tap of drum  
 Thro' the hushed City make their noiseless march.  
 At break of day we meet near Alcovendas:  
 And ere a second dawn shall brighten up  
 Old Buitrago's brow, haply may give  
 Our loving guests fast slumbering at his feet,  
 Such greeting as shall honor Spanish hearts.

[*Takes MINA's arm and exeunt.*]

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### SCENE V.

*A Hall in the Palace. KING FERDINAND asleep in his chair: a Page fanning him.*

*King Ferd.* O! Sweet enchantress! Stay! not yet; not yet—  
 Thus then in chains of love—[*Awakes.*] Didst see her, Gines?

*Page.* Whom, Señor?

*King Ferdinand.* [*Sighs.*] I did but dream.—Go, bid Chamorro bring my robes. [Exit Page.]

But now her palpitating heart met mine,—  
 Which still, its wild emotion unsubdued,  
 Gives audible response. Methought I roved  
 A Paradise, like that the Moslem hopes  
 In after worlds:—dark eyes, and blushing cheeks,  
 And shapes of beauty glowed before my sight  
 In angel radiance, and inthrall'd my soul.  
 [*Looks out.*] How sweetly Night succeeds the boisterous Eve,  
 Whose arrowy fires seemed pointed at my head!

*Enter CHAMORRO, UGARTE, Courtiers and Monks.*

*All.* God save your Majesty! Long live our King!

*Ugarte.* Heaven gives thee back in safety to thy throne.

*King Ferdinand.* Safe! Say victorious: all Madrid did greet  
 Our triumph. Heard ye not the shouts?

*First Courtier.* No voice did cheer more loudly than my own.

*Second Courtier.* Heard ye not one above the rest, Long live  
 Our King? 'Twas mine.

*Second Monk.* *Spain's absolute King! Death to the Nation! Such My shout which drowned the rest.*

*Ugarte.* But soon was lost  
When in yet louder tones, *Down with the Charter!*  
*Death to Riego!* thundered from my lips,  
And straight was echoed by a thousand tongues.

*Chamorro.* Don Pedro spied ye all, amid the crowd  
Burrowing like mice, 'till sudden rose the cry,  
*Riego comes!* and then ye scampered off.  
Pshaw! God ne'er made Grandees nor Monks for soldiers.

*K. Ferdinand.* [*Laughs.*] I hear the rebel dogs talked saucily:  
Chains, dungeons, scaffolds—

*Chamorro.* Right! Right!

*Fing Ferdinand.* Right!—Art mad?

*Chamorro.* 'Twas right! For then Don Pedro had been King.

*King Ferdinand.* [*Laughs heartily.*] God keep your Majesty!

Wilt see it done?

*Chamorro.* Don Pedro will; even now: This be thy dungeon—  
These horrid walls: there stand the scaffold thou  
Shalt soon ascend: [*Points to the Throne.*] and here thy heavy  
fettters. [*Takes up the Robes and Crown.*]

*King Ferdinand.* Bright fettters sooth.

*Chamorro.* Aye! But would Majesty  
Look truly grand—put on Don Pedro's cap  
And coat, and—if thou canst—look like Don Pedro. [*All laugh.*]

*Enter SAEZ and the NUNCIO.*

*Saez.* God keep your Majesty a thousand years!

*Nuncio.* Thy cheerful looks rejoice our hearts.

*King Ferdinand.* Thanks; thanks and welcome to ye both.

*Nuncio.* Good Saez and I have much to excuse this rude intrusion. Speak, Saez.

*Saez.* When his Majesty is more at leisure—[*Looks towards Courtiers, &c.*]

*King Ferdinand.* Another time Chamorro shall have his jest.

*Chamorro.* Don Pedro can take a hint. [*Half aside to the King.*]  
Majesty! Beware Old Mischief and his Imp! [*To Courtiers, &c.*]  
Come, I smell sulphur.

[*Exeunt CHAMORRO with the Crown and Robes, UGARTE, Courtiers and Monks.*]

*King Ferdinand.* They say I have lost my Crown. But see!  
'Tis safe!

*Nuncio.* Yet traitors in thy name assume thy powers.

*King Ferdinand.* Aye! In Madrid. I still am King of Spain.  
'Till our great Cousin arrive, let them have scope.  
What thinks good Saez?

*Saez.* To crush them ere too late;  
This night they meditate a daring plot—

*King Ferdinand.* [*Alarmed.*] To-night? This dismal night!

*Saez.* Their purpose to surprise the Duke.



*King Ferdinand.* Ah, then, the rebel dogs will leave Madrid.

*Saez.* Never again to enter it alive,  
Unless in chains.

*King Ferdinand.* Bring that about and thou  
Shalt wear the scarlet hat ere long, tho' it  
Should cost the dearest jewel of my crown.  
Thinks not your Eminence Saez would become it?

*Nuncio.* That—or Saint Peter's chair.

*King Ferdinand.* But say; thy plan?—

*Saez.* A courier hath been sent to apprise the Duke:  
Soon as the Rebels march, Morillo moves  
In silence on their rear. Thus hemmed around,  
In their own snare they fall, an easy conquest.

*King Ferd.* Excellent! Say, Heaven doth put the wretches in  
Our power—

*Saez.* Smite them; that so they sin no more.

*King Ferdinand.* But then—my oath—

*Saez.* No faith is due to foes  
Of Holy Church: such oaths no Christian King  
Is bound to keep.

*Nuncio.* His Holiness, thro' me,  
Absolves thee from them, and indulgence grants  
To work thy will on all arch heretics:  
God grant thee power to crush them.

*King Ferdinand.* Look to it,  
Good Saez. Ah! Now my conscience is at rest:  
Your prayers are all my pious labors need,  
To win the Heavenly gale shall give them speed. [Exeunt.

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## SCENE VI.

*A Room in RIEGO's House. Enter DIAZ dressed in a military suit; admiring his sword: presently enter RIEGO.*

*Riego.* Dost prize that sword?

*Diaz.* O Señor, as my life:  
Oft ere to-day my tongue hath burned to ask it.  
A true Toledo?

*Riego.* So thy father proved it.

*Diaz.* Dear, dear remembrancer! [Kisses it] that daily shalt  
Remind me of his wrongs, and aid me to avenge them.

[A tear falls on the blade.]  
Here seems an ugly stain. I'll rub it off. [Rubs it.]

*Riego.* Our soldiers now are furbishing their arms:  
Bid Roque help thee brighten thine.

*Diaz.* I will; I will.

[Exit DIAZ. RIEGO looks earnestly after him.]

*Riego.* How like his father in the flower of youth,  
When like a felon dragged from Santiago—

[*A shriek within: presently enter DONA THERESA in great affright as though pursued. A lamp in her hand still smoking.*]

*Doña Theresa.* Off! Off! Away! Ah! Now I am safe.

[*Extends her arms to RIEGO, who supports her.*]

*Riego.* What thus  
Alarms thee, love? Say! Speak!

*Doña Theresa.* I saw him plainly—  
Plainly as I now see thee.

*Riego.* Whom? Saw'st whom?

*Doña Theresa.* Twice, twice! once in my slumber,—if indeed  
I slept; and,—if I sleep not still,—but now.

*Riego.* Thou'rt much disturbed: thy heart still tosses wildly.

*Doña Theresa.* The swell of the by-gone tempest: soon 'twill  
cease

In this its happy haven. Ah! a moment—  
I'll tell thee all.—Till a late hour I lay,  
Thinking what cause could keep thee from my side.  
The peril of the times, the snares along  
Thy path; a thousand anxious fears oppressed me.  
At last I slept, or dreamed I was asleep;  
And heard—or thought I heard—a well known voice  
Gently repeat my name. Methought I woke:—  
And straight before me stood the Marquesito—

*Riego.* The Marquesito?—

*Doña Theresa.* Aye! Thy murdered friend.  
So much himself he looked; so mildly spake;  
I felt no fear: forgetful at the time  
That he was dead. *I come,* said he, *Theresa,*  
*To warn thee of thy husband's danger. Haste!*  
*Entreat him to delay his perilous schemes:*  
*Else may my fate be his.* Saying this,

He waved his hand and disappeared. Ah then—

*Riego.* Come! Be thyself.—How oft hast told me thou  
No credence gave to dreams or goblin tales?  
I fear thou art not well.

*Doña Theresa.* I know thy thought:  
Am I Theresa? Art thou not Riego?  
Hear all; then say if still thou deem'st me crazed.  
By this sad vision roused at dead of night—  
Thou absent still—fearing to stir, yet more  
Afraid to stay—I fled my lonely chamber,  
And at the door, with open eyes, beheld  
The self same figure haunted me in sleep.  
He wore the dress that graced his youthlike form  
That day he marched for Santiago, leaving  
His sad Josefa and his precious Diaz,  
Never to see them more. He passed me by  
As tho' he knew me not, his eye intently



Fixed on his naked sword. I ran; I flew,—  
My lamp extinguished,—and in fancy heard  
His steps fast following mine. My brain indeed  
Is crazed, or else it was my noble kinsman;  
'Twas Porlier's self.

*Riego.* It was;—[*She starts*] his second self;  
The living Porlier;—in form and feature, aye  
In every noble attribute of soul,  
The image of his sire. 'Twas him thou met'st,  
Wearing his father's sword and dress, by me  
Till now, a sacred trust, for him reserved.

*Doña Theresa.* Had I but known of this! Dolt that I was,  
My fancy dwelt alone on murdered Porlier:—  
The man, the warrior chief; nor thought nor dream  
Of Diaz crossed my brain: or did it so,  
'Twas of the young Licentiate, poring o'er  
His darling books, or rapt in boyish visions.  
Forgive my weakness.

*Riego.* 'Thou hadst forgot our boy fast grows a man;  
His stature much the same his father measured.  
Yes: Such my earliest friend, when our young hearts,  
Smit with the love of ancient lore, and fired  
By deeds of ancient glory, first communed  
In Salamanca's learned halls, and vowed  
Eternal enmity to tyrants!—Blasted  
Were all his hopes! And Freedom mourns his fall!

*Doña Theresa.* But Hope may point to Porlier's orphan boy,  
Whom Heaven hath spared, to twine around our hearts,  
And emulate his father's virtues. Lives  
Not Porlier in his Diaz?

*Riego.* Fond illusion!  
We'll cherish it, and think 'tis Porlier's self;  
Surviving in his son to avenge his country's  
Injuries and his own.

*Doña Theresa.* [*Sighing deeply.*] A thorny path  
I fear must yet be trod by him and thee.

Ah! My Riego! Say! Should evil chance  
Be thine, what refuge for thy lost Theresa?

*Riego.* Come! Come! Banish the groundless terrors night  
Hath conjured up when all should glow with hope  
And happiness. Shall I recount our blessings?

*Doña Theresa.* Ah! Grant them all our hearts could ask:—  
of what  
Are we assured but of their loss? [*A knock.*] Hark! Hark!  
What can this dreadful summons mean?

*Enter ROQUE, who hands a sealed note to RIEGO.*

*Riego.* [*Aside.*] From Mina! [*Reads aside.*] 'Tis rumored  
Angoulême, by a forced march, quarters to-night at Alcovendas or this  
side. Then will we meet the sooner. I shall be in motion ere this  
reaches you. Count not too securely on Morillo.

Roque, my sword:—and thine: meet me in the Hall.

[ROQUE bows, and exit.]

*Doña Theresa.* Thou'lt not go forth to-night?—'Tis late and dark.

*Riego.* A call no Spaniard may refuse—a pledge  
To friends—

*Doña Theresa.* Friends! Friends?

*Riego.* True and most valued friends:  
Ere the day dawn perchance I may return.

*Doña Theresa.* *Perchance*; [*Sighs.*] That little word gives  
less of hope

Than terror. Faithful Roque will be with thee?

*Riego.* He shall:—Seek thou our chamber, Love: sweet rest,  
And happier dreams attend thy couch. Good night.

[*Embraces her, and exit.*]

*Doña Ther.* When, when shall happy dreams again be mine?  
We mark the ebbing current of our thoughts,  
But as easily may check the mountain floods.  
Ah me! That warning voice! That warning voice!  
Reason may hold our terrors vain: yet Fear  
O'ermasters Reason and still shakes our hearts.  
Ah! What is Reason but a faithless guide,  
The slave of Fancy and the child of Pride;  
Who boldly leads us on to Danger's gate,  
Then like a coward flies and leaves us to our fate. [*Exit.*]

## ACT FOURTH.

## SCENE I.

*The country near Madrid; on one side a Sentinel on guard, on the other, in the back ground, the Pavilion and Camp of BALLESTEROS.*

*Enter DIAZ hastily.*

*Sentinel.* Who goes there? Stand! The watchword?

*Diaz.* Arcos and Cabezas! Is Mina near?

*Sentinel.* Some fifty paces from the camp of Ballesteros.

*Diaz.* Show me the spot.

*Sentinel.* I must keep in sight of my post: this way.

*[Exeunt.]*

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SCENE II.—*The Same.*

*Enter ABISBAL from the Pavilion of BALLESTEROS: he meets MORILLO: QUIROGA, unperceived by them, advances in disguise and enters the Pavilion of BALLESTEROS.*

*Morillo.* What success?—

*Abisbal.* O! Full of scruples; talks of reputation—old friendships—and such stuff.

*Morillo.* He's a poor devil! He will not join us?

*Abisbal.* No; but hath pledged his word not to aid Riego.

*Morillo.* That's much. A half-way, villain! He will not cut his friends' throats, but will stand by and see it done. That fellow, Abisbal, would rifle a hen-roost, but fear to rob a church: forfeit Heaven, and yet not grasp enough to buy two masses for his soul. For me, I had as lief be damned for doubloons as for coppers. But come, our time is short. Bessieres ere this is nearly in gunshot of Riego, and must not be beforehand in the assault.—Honest Ballesteros! Pah!

*[Exeunt.]*

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SCENE III.—*The Same.*

*Enter from the pavilion QUIROGA and BALLESTEROS.*

*Quiroga.* 'Tis not too late: I beg thee Ballesteros Blast not our hopes—and thy own honest name.

*Ballesteros.* My dear Quiroga, 'tis a hopeless cause.

*Quiroga.* Let us then not survive it in disgrace.

*Ballesteros.* Thou hast done enough for Honor and for Spain:  
Let me now make thy peace, and save a friend  
Loved as a brother.

*Quiroga.* Peace with my country's enemies?  
With her apostate sons? Never! He were  
No friend would urge it; nor could I be his.

*Ballesteros.* Then here we part. Would—from my soul—  
'twere otherwise.

*Quiroga.* Thou wilt have it so.

*Ballesteros.* May it not be—as friends? [*Offers his hand.*]

*Quiroga.* The hand that's given in friendship to the foes  
Of Freedom grasps not mine. From this dark hour  
A gulf divides us:—Heaven in kindness to us  
Both, teach us to forget we once were friends.

[*Exeunt opposite ways.*]

#### SCENE IV.—*The Same.*

*Between the Camps of RIEGO and MINA.*

*Distant Thunder and Lightning: Noise of a Combat hard by. Voices within: "Surrender!" "Seize him!" "Seize him!" Combat continues. Voices again. "Our Sergeant's slain!" "Ho! tell the Count!" "More men!" "The Count!" The Count!"*

*Enter MINA and DIAZ, both wounded; MINA assisting DIAZ.*

*Mina.* Aye! Tell your Count his Sergeant's sent  
Envoy to Hell's Legitimate. I fear  
Thou art badly hurt.

*Diaz.* I fain would rest—a moment.

*Mina.* Do, do; meanwhile I'll stanch this blood: sit here.

*Diaz.* First let me bind thy arm.

*Mina.* A scratch, a scratch. [*Takes Diaz' handkerchief.*]  
Didst mark the new Monk-levies? Ha! How quick  
They faced about, seeing their leader fall,  
And cast away their arms to count their beads.

*Diaz.* That dog fought bravely, though.

*Mina.* By Saint Iago!  
Had his vile comrades stood as well, we had  
Been stretched beside him. [*Examines DIAZ's knee and binds it.*]  
Faith, an ugly gash; [*Lightning.*]

Bad, bad: I'll help thee on thy horse, and hasten  
Back—Come; how far?

*Diaz.* [*Walks with much pain.*] Just there; behind yon ivy.

*Mina.* Stay, stay; I'll bring him to thee. [*Exit MINA.*]

*Diaz.* Ah, kind Mina—

[*Frequent Lightning.*]

*Mina.* [*Without.*] He's not here.

*Diaz.* Unlucky chance—

*Re-enter MINA.*

*Mina.* Not there;—  
Nor near; the lightning else had shown him to me:  
'Twill serve at least to light thy way. Once more  
Tell me the very spot Riego holds.

*Diaz.* In a deep thicket on the left—less than  
A mile this side the Holy Inn;—there did  
We halt, hearing the French lay ambushed on  
Our route, while Spaniards dogged our rear.

*Mina.* French Spaniards! [*A storm appraaching.*]  
My life upon it, 'tis the wretch Morillo.  
Farewell; that wound will shield thee from the brave  
And thy Toledo fright the coward off  
Would harm a wounded soldier. [*Going: Distant cannonading.*]

*Both.* Hark! Hark!

*Mina.* Ah, Boy; this night brews fiercer tempests  
On the earth than in the air—[*Cannonading—A storm.*]

*Diaz.* Again, again!  
That's from the rearward of our camp!

*Mina.* Morillo!  
By all that's fiendish! O for a bolt  
Of Heaven's own thunder that should hurl him down  
To his native pit! I'll make a circuit round  
The renegade and cut him off—or hew  
A passage thro' his ranks. We meet again.

[*Exit MINA the way he came: the storm increases.*]

*Diaz.* Fly, fly, good Mina. O Heavenly Father!  
Thou sendst this battling storm—for thou art just—  
To aid the righteous cause: in Thee, in Thee, our trust.  
[*Exit, with great pain, a different way.*]

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## SCENE V.

*A Banqueting Hall in the Palace; KING FERDINAND, SAEZ, and the NUNCIO, at a table with wine, papers, &c. looking over a map. CHAMORRO at a side-table.*

*King Ferdinand.* I see—

*Saez.* Thence to Vittoria, here—[*Points to the map*—to-night  
At Alcovendas or perchance beyond.

*King Ferdinand.* It seems a miracle.

*Saez.* Two centuries Spain  
Withstood the power of Rome—

*King Ferdinand.* I know; and foiled  
Great Cæsar Africanus.

*Chamorro.* [*Half aside.*] By Saint Dominic! That Cæsar  
Capricornus lived to a marvellous good old age.

*Saez.* —In two short weeks Louis Antoine speeds like  
An arrow through the heart of Spain.



*Chamorro.* [*Half aside.*] Yes, like Cupid's arrow, that sheds no blood.

*Nuncio.* But yesterday  
As 'twere in Paris; to-morrow in Madrid.

*King Ferdinand.* I vow my cousin of Angoulême should rank  
Among the greatest captains of the earth:—  
Napoleon ne'er equalled this.

*Chamorro.* [*Half aside.*] A fig for Nap; I never liked the fellow since he played Majesty that scurvy trick at Bayonne.

*Saez.* And think!  
Without one drop of Spanish blood to stain  
The snowy plume adorns his country's scutcheon.

*King Ferdinand.* The more the miracle.

*Saez.* The greater too the glory:  
For to him whose will is fate, belongs  
This bloodless victory of His Holy cause.

*Nuncio.* A thousand, thousand years may He preserve  
His champion's life.

*King Ferdinand.* With all my heart I pledge thee.

*Chamorro.* [*Half aside.*] Don Pedro drinks,—*To the bloodless Conqueror?*

*King Ferdinand.* How as the hour draws nigh  
My bosom yearns to welcome him to Spain!  
Had Saez not urged me to forbear, this night  
I had sought his tent.

*Nuncio.* Trust me 'twas prudent counsel. [*Tragala sung near the Palace.*]

*King Ferdinand.* [*Starting.*] And there's an argument doth much enforce it. [*Music passes off.*]

*Nuncio.* Of late that vulgar ditty oft I've heard  
Sung in the streets; what means it now?

*King Ferdinand.* That Saez  
Is right, and I must lick the hand that spurns me;  
And swallow down this cup mixed by the Cortes. [*Points to a paper.*]

*Nuncio.* Oft nauseous draughts possess a healing virtue.

*Chamorro.* Right, right, Great Eminence; one gulp, [*drinks*]  
—'tis down.

*Saez.* His majesty commands a charm shall make  
This bitter sweet: three little words—a cipher  
Of magic power, on their side counting nought;  
On his, a Kingdom's purchase—I the King. [*Presents the paper.*]

*King Ferdinand.* Have it as thou wilt. [*Signs.*] My spirits  
Begin to flag:—[*Sighing.*] This scoffing serenade  
Seems as a blast of adverse fortune sent  
To chill my soul.

*Saez.* Rather a favoring gale  
That drives the hindmost rack, and leaves no speck  
For fancy's eye mid the blue depths of Heaven.

*King Ferdinand.* Was 't Fancy then in thee that saw but now



Cloud upon cloud not faintly in the distance  
But rushing black and heavy overhead?  
Was't fancy feigned the menaced ambuscade?  
Or spoiled our mirthful banquet, mocking loud  
The storm's ill-boding voice, and war's dread thunders?  
Ah! think! The valiant Duke, our only hope,  
This night may fall, struck down by ambushed rebels!  
What then my fate?

*Saez.* A swifter fate shall cut  
The plotters off, and spare our fears for thee.

*King Ferdinand.* But say the wild French legions take from  
ours

The foul infection Spain first caught from France—  
Hungering once more for Bourbon blood! must mine  
Not curdle at the thought?

*Saez.* The Power that led  
Those legions out of France hath filled their souls  
With zeal to uphold thy consecrated throne,  
And His primeval church. Faith too is theirs,  
All conquering Faith; and lo! At her command,  
Thy Godlike ancestor's high prophecy  
Fulfilled! *Henceforth there are no Pyrenees.*  
Yes! Yes! Eternal justice hath ordained  
That France, regenerate France, out of whose cup  
Nations have drunken and are mad, shall fly  
O'er Spain with healing in her wings, to cure  
The frenzy she hath caused.

*Nuncio.* Ah! Saez! The dream!  
Thy golden dream! Hail ever blessed Mary!

*King Ferdinand.* That happy thought was rising in my mind;  
*Our son shall hear his vows, his foes confound,*  
*And bless him with a long and prosperous reign.*

Visions more strange than this have come to pass.

*Saez.* Who doubts that Heaven in dreams reveals its will  
Doubts Holy Writ. Have we but faith, we have  
The evidence of things else all unseen,  
The substance of the things we hope. True faith  
Can never err, hence knows no doubt; nor fail,  
For 'tis of God, and hence omnipotent.  
I go, and trust ere morn to bring thee tidings  
Even brighter than our hopes.

*King Ferdinand.* Do, do; good Saez.  
Never with truer friend was monarch blest:  
Not my own mother loved me more.

[*Exit SAEZ.*]

*Chamorro.* Don Pedro knows it.

*King Ferdinand.* We'll drink his health.

*Nuncio.* Heaven, many years preserve thy good Confessor!

*Chamorro.* Good confessor. All one as say good Satan. [*Aside.*]

*King Ferdinand.* Health, health to Saez!  
Henceforth Prime Minister of Spain. [*All drink.*]

*Chamorro.* [*Half aside.*] Over Don Pedro's head! I'll join the church.

*Nuncio.* That thought was prompted from above.

*Chamorro.* [*Half aside.*] That's a mistake; 'twas prompted from [*Points downwards,*] there: by good Father Satan—thro' good Father Saez. Yes, I'll join the church: that's the road in Spain for saint or sinner, who seek the precious things of Heaven, and would gather as they go the choicest fruits of earth. Yes, yes: I'll be a Monk; *Father Pedro: Good Father Pedro—*

*King Ferdinand.* What mutterest Chamorro?

*Chamorro.* Don Pedro said Majesty was right: Good Father Saez should be our Minister of State. Were he to say to me, *Don Pedro thou shalt be a Duke*, the coronet would be on my head to-morrow. [*King and Nuncio laugh.*] He knows all that passes here on earth; and there; [*Points downwards,*] and well he may: for they have been seen together.

*King Ferdinand.* What?—Don Victor and—

*Chamorro.* And—[*Points below,*] its a true story; true as—as Don Victor's dream. [*Half aside.*] Yes, its all in print: a first rate mellow-dram. 'Tis called, *The Devil in Ambush, or The Monk and The Maiden*. See! [*Takes it from his pocket.*] Here it is. [*Reads.*] *Scene the first. The Royal confessional: Doña Carlota at the Lattice—*

*King Ferdinand.* Carlota? Ah! Your Eminence she hath an eye bright as this Burgundy. Well? Well?—

*Chamorro.* Don Victor on his knees before Doña Carlota—Satan hard by:—

*Re-Enter SAEZ.*

*Nuncio.* [*Aside to the King.*] In time to mar our jest.

*King Ferdinand.* Ah Saez! Thy name's still on our lips.

*Chamorro.* Don Pedro and Majesty spoke of Satan—and—thou knowest the proverb—

*Saez.* Peace! Trifler! Off! [*Bows smiling to the King.*]

*King Ferdinand.* Go, good Chamorro.

*Chamorro.* Don Pedro can find better company than Kings and Monks. [*Points downwards, and Exit.*]

*King Ferdinand.* [*To SAEZ.*] Well, well?—

*Saez.* Our courier hath returned.

*King Ferdinand.* Outstripped the rebels?

*Saez.* Passed them hard by the Holy Inn; Morillo Dogging their heels. Not far beyond lay camped The vanguard of the Duke; and nearer still Our fire-new convert Bessieres—

*King Ferdinand.* Bessieres?  
The rebel jacobin of Barcelona?

*Saez.* A penitent;—a saint; a very Dominic With burning zeal to scourge the sins he shared. Warned of Riego's march they struck their tents, And reckless of the storm press on to meet him.

*King Ferdinand.* 'Twixt Bessieres and Morillo! [*Laughs.*]

*Saez.* Day must break upon his ruin.

*King Ferdinand.* 'Tis wise to set the rebel dogs of France  
And Spain to tear each other's throats.—But come,  
Your Eminence must need repose. For me,  
Impatient for the dawn, I seek my couch:  
Not for dull sleep, but joy-inspiring thought,  
Brighter than brightest vision sleep e'er brought. [*Exeunt*

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## SCENE VI.

*The Country near Madrid, between the Field of Battle and the Garden of Buen Retiro: a Cottage on one side, with high palings: at the door a Boy on the watch. Presently voices without, crying "No quarter!" "This way!" "No quarter!"*

*Boy.* Brother! Brother! They are coming.

*Voices within the Cottage.* "Farewell!" "God bless you!"

*Enter from the Cottage a Soldier, followed by an old Peasant.*

*Soldier.* Farewell, Juan! [*Kisses the Boy.*]

*Boy.* Good bye, Carlos. [*Exit Soldier hastily behind the cottage.*]

*Old Peasant.* God protect and bless thee!

*Enter the Trappist and Monks with Swords and Pistol Belts; Shaks on their Heads; Beads and Crucifixes round their Necks—crying "No quarter!" "No quarter!" UGARTE in the rear conversing with a Monk.*

*The Trappist.* Halt! [*To an Officer.*] Search yon cottage.

*Ugarte.* Whew! I am out of breath.

[*Aside to the Monk.*] Art sure 'twas Porlier's spirit?—

*Monk.* Sure as you are a living soul—I saw him hanged—

*Ugarte.* He'll know me: I guarded him at Santiago—

*Monk.* He came this very path after he slew brother Gregorio. We'll be sure to meet him.

*Ugarte.* [*Shuddering.*] The Virgin forbid!

*Officer.* [*Returning.*] No soldiers there.

*The Trappist.* On! Soldiers of the Faith! We fight for our altars and our King. Lay on, and spare not. Remember; the blood of Heretics and Rebels nourisheth the Church; and hath a sweet savor in the nostrils of the Godly. On! On!

[*Exeunt all except UGARTE, crying "No quarter."*]

*Ugarte.* It's downright rash to be hunting up enemies in the dark. I'll beg for quarters, and so keep clear of the spirit.

[*Advances towards the Cottage Gate.*]

*Enter DIAZ, lame and much exhausted.*

*Ugarte.* Ha!—The Marquesito! [*Runs in terror to the Pales.*]

*Diaz.* Hold! Else will I stay thy flight.

*Ugarte.* Pray! Good Señor!—Spare me! Spare me!

*Diaz.* Show me the Holy Inn—and I will not harm thee.

*Ugarte.* [*Aside.*] Holy Virgin! A fetch to get me in his power! [*Aloud.*] Aye! Señor; I come [*Gets nearer the Pales.*] O! Good Señor Porlier!

*Diaz.* Thou knowest me, then!—

*Ugarte.* Aye! Noble Marquis!—When I kept your cell at Santiago, was I not kind? [*Makes his escape.*]

*Diaz.* Ah! Conscience-goaded wretch! [*Knocks at the gate.*]

*Old Peasant.* [*Within the Cottage.*] Who's there?

*Diaz.* A wearied soldier.

*Old Peasant.* Of Spain, or France?

*Diaz.* A Spaniard; and foe to the foes of Spain.

*Old Peasant.* [*Coming forth.*] Enter, Señor, and freely, an old Castilian's hut.

*Diaz.* Thanks!—but I must on, and need thy friendly guidance.

*Old Peasant.* Whither bound?

*Diaz.* Back to the camp of Don Rafael; near the Holy Inn.

*Old Peasant.* Ah! Señor: Thy comrades thou wilt find where thou leftst them:—never to stir again.

*Diaz.* Merciful God!—What reason for the horrid thought?

*Old Peasant.* My Carlos stopped but to say that all were slaughtered, save a few now hunted by the Trappist and his Franco-Spaniards: Servants of God—dressed in the livery of Saints, to do deeds of darkness.

*Diaz.* But—Don Rafael!—Say—

*Old Peasant.* Fallen,—Carlos doubts not—on the field.

*Diaz.* I must have surer proof: point me my nearest course.

*Old Peasant.* On yon hillock, the rising moon will show thy path: that to the right—the left leads to the Gate of Buen Retiro.

*Diaz.* Thanks! Thanks! Farewell!

[*Exit DIAZ with extreme pain.*]

*Old Peasant.* Heaven help thee on thy way.

[*Returns to his Cottage.*]

## SCENE VII.

*A Hillock near Buen Retiro.*

*Enter two French Officers, conversing.*

*First Officer.* Battle? No! A massacre. We have made common cause with slaves and bigots, and are like to earn the fame of butchers.

*Second Officer.* But Brother, you forget *we* fight for France.

*First Officer.* Not for France; France pines for liberty: We fight for Kings:—to prop the Bourbon dynasty; sole thought of all the Bourbon race.

*Second Officer.* Soldiers must fight, nor ask the why or wherefore.

*First Officer.* Yet must I honor those who from their necks would shake the yoke that galls our own.

*Enter DIAZ, who stops unperceived.*

That Riego was a noble fellow. [*Going.*]

*Second Officer.* Brave as Cæsar—but rash—

*Diaz.* [*Coming forth.*] Stay, Señors! If ye know aught of Riego's fate—pray tell a friend.

*Second Officer.* Ah!—A young Rebel! Shall I not cut him down? [*Raising his sword.*]

*First Officer.* No, Pierre! By Heaven thou shalt not. Brave youth, thy friend hath fallen. We saw the peasant who stripped his body of its garments.

*Diaz.* I thank thee, Señor, for thy sad tidings. [*To Second Officer.*] Strike now! and thou shalt have the Rebel's thanks, and win favor from the wretch thou servest.

*Second Officer.* [*Offers to strike.*] Down then—

*First Officer.* [*Interposes.*] Brother!—Pierre!—Thou shalt not bring this spot upon the name our father left us.

[*Forces him off.*]

*Diaz.* Is Death too blest a boon for me? O Father! Give me to reach Riego's honored corse And rest with him—in peace. [*Attempts to walk.*]

*Enter RIEGO, in a Peasant's Dress; his head bandaged.*

Who passes?—Stand!

*Riego.* [*Aside.*] Ha! That voice!—I would hear it again: Say friend,

Canst guide me to the Gate of Buen Retiro?

*Diaz.* It grieves me, Señor, that I cannot serve thee.

*Riego.* 'Tis Diaz! [*Hastens to and embraces him.*]

*Diaz.* Señor? Señor?—Can it be?—

*Riego.* What! Wounded, Boy?

*Diaz.* This bandage hides I fear  
A wound more painful.

*Riego.* Nay, I heed not that:

Diaz, my hurt is here: cut to the soul.

*Diaz.* Ah! Let me share thy griefs:—My comrades! say  
Who live?—Who fell?—

*Riego.* Thou'lt shudder at the tale,  
Brief tho' it be, of perfidy and horror.

Our secret plans some demon whispered in  
The invaders' ears, and led them to our camp.

A sudden blast of cannon, guided by  
The tempest's flash, and instant as its bolt  
Swept thro' our ranks: half my brave soldiers passed  
From life to death.—Then fast from copse around  
Musket and rifle poured the leaden shower;  
As fast in heaps the mangled victims fell;  
Myself among them, by a glancing ball



Of sense bereft. Waking, my wound I found  
Thus bandaged, and my head soft resting on  
A peasant's lap. Thro' dark and tangled by-ways  
Hither he led my steps; then kindly forced  
His tattered garb upon me, now more prized  
Than monarch's robe, since giving hope to save  
My Diaz's life and making mine, grown useless  
To Spain, less hateful to myself.

*Diaz.* Thank Heaven,  
Thou art spared to serve her still. But—my old Roque;  
O say—hath he too fallen?

*Riego.* 'Twere well he had:—  
Wilt thou believe it, old Roque turned against us?

*Diaz.* Never! O think it not.

*Riego.* But now I passed him,  
Guiding the pack who hunt his faithful comrades.  
He wore upon his cap the servile badge:  
The conscious traitor knew me, but thro' fear  
Betrayed me not.

*Diaz.* Betray thee? Sooner he had pierced  
His own old heart. My life upon  
Old Roque. Why he rocked my Father's cradle;  
His boyish pastimes shared; his manlier perils;  
Stood by him when he suffered; nor would then  
Quit his half buried corse, but rescued it  
From monks and vultures. Roque a deserter!  
No, the dim light deceived thee.

*Riego.* Treachery's  
The fashion of the age—But come, we still  
May join our scattered friends. Lean here.

*Diaz.* [*Attempts to walk.*] I can no further.

*Morillo.* [*Without.*] On! Who lags behind,  
I'll give his carcass to the hounds of France.

*Riego.* We'll foil them yet.

[*Raises DIAZ, and exeunt by the path to the left.*]

*Enter MORILLO, followed by Soldiers, and by ROQUE in the dress of  
a Monk, a broken sword at his side, his right hand concealed.*

*Morillo.* On! Soldiers! Whoso brings Riego's head, shall  
have its weight in golden crowns. [*The Soldiers steal off one by one.*]  
Thou knowest the path? [*To ROQUE.*]

*Roque.* Full well, Señor. I have trodden it on darker nights.  
At yon fork we take the right.

*Morillo.* If thou deceivest me—mark me, old man!  
I'll make a scare-crow of thy naked scalp.

[*The remaining Soldiers break off.*] Back! Caitiffs!

[*Fires at them.*] S'death! Straight bring them back, else shall ye  
Swing together on the same tree. [*ROQUE goes a short distance  
and returns unobserved by MORILLO.*] This leads to the Gate of  
El Retiro. [*Exit MORILLO, on the path to the right.*]

*Roque.* And if it does—hang old Roque's scalp upon it.

[*Exit ROQUE by the other path.*]

## SCENE VIII.

*At the Gate of the Garden of Buen Retiro: RIEGO attempting to force the Lock: DIAZ seated near.*

*Riego.* This is some dungeon lock, forged by a Jesuit.  
'Tis vain:—Once more I'll raise thee next my heart,  
And balk the skulking hounds would lap thy blood.

[*Offers to raise DIAZ.*

*Diaz.* Thy blood they seek, not mine: haste, then, good  
Señor—

*Riego.* Leaving my Diaz thus? Thou canst not think it.  
[*Again offers to raise DIAZ.*]

*Diaz.* Too painfully my mangled limb still feels  
Thy friendly grasp to encounter it again.  
Ah, go then, Señor—

*Riego.* What, again?—Boy—Boy!—  
But I must pardon this—even this—in thee;  
Who should have been the last to doubt my faith—

*Diaz.* O! Speak not thus: that steadfast faith it is  
Spain now invokes thro' me to save a life  
Liaked with her destiny.

*Riego.* That life is thine:  
Bound for the ransom of a son whose sire  
Oft perilled his for me.

*Diaz.* 'Twas plighted first  
To Spain.

*Riego.* Our country asks no service from  
Her sons coupled with guilt and infamy.  
Urge me no more to that Honor forbids.

*Diaz.* Nay, Honor, Friendship, Duty plead with Diaz.

*Riego.* My heart scarce listens to thy suit. Forsake  
Thee? No! By Porlier's blood—

*Diaz.* O! Shun the vow  
More holy vows forbid that thou shouldst keep.  
Ah! How would Porlier's martyred shade be grieved  
Should Diaz bar the way to Spain's deliverance.

*Riego.* Thou talkst but wildly, wildly, boy, as tho'  
Hope still were left for Spain.

*Diaz.* It is; it is:  
For Spain, for all, while yet Riego lives.  
Canst pause? 'Then hear my vow:—By Porlier's shade!  
I stir not hence to cumber thee and help  
The Hell-hounds to their prey. Fear not for me:  
Here is my shield. [*Points to his wound.*]

*Riego.* Proud Boy!—But say thy life  
Were spared; still must a dungeon be thy lot.

*Diaz.* And what if thou remain? Death, certain death,  
To Diaz and to thee—for all thou lovest

Vengeance from hands deep dyed in Porlier's blood.  
Lo! Spain lies bleeding at her tyrant's feet.

*Riego.* My heart bleeds with her.

*Diaz.* Still thou lingerest!

Thy friends; thy suffering comrades; think of them.

*Riego.* I do, I do: death-doomed they clank their chains:  
Hark! From their cells their stifled voices sound  
As from the tomb. Methinks they call on me.

*Diaz.* And yet, O God! Riego heeds them not.

*Riego.* Let me save thee—and then—

*Diaz.* First save thy country.

Take pity of thy wife: thy poor Theresa—  
At Ferdinand's mercy.

*Riego.* Goad me not to madness.—

I'll hurl the monster down the infernal pit.

*Diaz.* A moment more her sole protector falls;  
Ingloriously: his name the jest perchance  
Of slanderous tongues. A soldier's grave should be  
The battle-field; the bright sun witnessing  
His glorious fall.

*Riego.* Fondly my *Diaz* hath  
My soul indulged the thought, thus gloriously  
To fall for Freedom's sake. Nor shall it now  
Repine; for come what may, exile or chains,  
The flames of faith, the piercing crown of thorns,  
Still 'tis a Godlike destiny—  
The highest Heaven did e'er vouchsafe—  
To die or suffer for a righteous cause.

*Diaz.* Ah! Proudly could I perish by thy side  
If such thy will. But shall thy love for me  
Bring ruin on us all? Must all our hopes  
Be buried with Riego, and lost Spain  
In fetters mourn beside her champion's tomb?  
No! Not for this hath Heaven lit Freedom's flame  
In Spanish hearts, nor turned aside from thee  
The messenger of Death.

*Riego.* How welcome! Might  
Riego but redeem both Spain and thee.  
And since that may not be—how doubly welcome!

*Diaz.* Thou canst—thou, thou alone.—But see! Thank  
Heaven,  
Old Roque comes. [*ROQUE approaches.*]

*Riego.* Mark how the white-haired traitor  
Steals upon us, his hand upon his poniard.

*Enter ROQUE, his hand still concealed in his frock.*

*Roque.* Aye, slay old Roque if you will, but save my dear  
young master: fly, fly, or ye are lost.

*Diaz.* Did I not say old Roque was no traitor?

*Roque.* Bless you for that. [*Embraces DIAZ.*]

*Riego.* Old soldier I have wronged thee—deeply.

*Roque.* This the foul cause. [*Tramples on the badge.*] Yet hath the cursed thing served a good turn.

*Riego.* How camest thou by it:—or that Trappist frock?

*Roque.* Seeing signs of life I brought a kind-souled peasant to dress your wound. A Monk came up and raised his poniard to pierce your bosom: I turned its point against his own black heart; then wore my spoils the better to mislead the Cuban hound Morillo, whom I spied upon the hunt for you.

*Riego.* And I could doubt thee—Ha! could think to raise My arm against the savior of my life!—

*Roque.* But could not strike old Roque.

*Riego.* Canst thou—No: No. I should not ask thy warm Old heart e'er to forget—my unkind thoughts.

*Roque.* They never reached it—but—Señor—kindness—somehow—always chokes me. By Santiago, had I seen you, as you did old Roque, with that Devil's whelp, Morillo—and dressed in this Devil's suit—I should have thought you too had listed under Old Nick. But come, if daylight find us here we are but targets for the bloody imps.

*Diaz.* Ne'er was thy honest face more welcome, than In this dark hour. [*To RIEGO.*] Spain now shall have her right. Heaven in thy place hath sent another friend To guard thy Diaz with a father's eye, A soldier's arm: to save us both from crime, And give our mother back her saviour son.

*Riego.* I feel thou art safer with good Roque, than With doomed Riego.—Ah! My country tears Me from my friend, rending my heart in twain. For her, for her, I brave the brand of shame, And like a dastard flee from dastard foes.

*Diaz.* Now art thou Diaz's friend: now, now,—Riego! Victorious there where thou alone couldst conquer, Taming thy own proud spirit at Duty's call. A moment perils all: Mina awaits thee!

*Riego.* That name awakens hopes methought were dead:— Sure Heaven itself invites, opening my way Thro' troubled seas to rescue Spain, and lead Her suffering sons,—my Diaz 'mongst the rest— To join their country's jubilee, and chant Their soul-inspiring hymns to Liberty.

*Diaz.* Ah! Hopes so Heavenly shine not to mislead. Near where we met, an old Castilian's hut Will give thee shelter 'til pursuit is o'er.

*Riego.* Farewell—to both. Ah! Heaven—and Roque guard My noble boy.

*All.* Farewell!

[*Exit RIEGO.*]

*Diaz.* He's safe! He's safe!—

*Roque.* Bless that little heart: the Marquesito was just so; always caring more for others than himself.—But come--

*Diaz.* Give me thy arm, good Roque. Thou seest I am but a cripple. [*Shows his wounded knee.*]

*Roque.* Fy! and I not able to defend you. That brute Morillo, struck off my fighting hand—to make me a safer guide—and then gave me my broken sword as a fit weapon for this stump.

*Diaz.* Ah! Savage dog!—But more's the need you should not again fall into his power. Do, for my sake, Roque, shun him; he'll not harm me.

*Roque.* Hush! my old ears wont hear you. Come, here's old Roçinante that many a time has galloped his little Don to fight the wind-mill—can carry you yet. [*Stoops.*]

*MORILLO advances by the Garden Wall.*

*Diaz.* See! See!

*Morillo.* By Hell! The old Deceiver here,  
Before me. Ha! Traitor, is it thou?

[*ROQUE rushes on MORILLO.*]

*Roque.* Take back the name belongs to black Morillo.

*Morillo.* [*Stabs him.*] To Hell! To Hell! Thou doting fool.

*Roque.* [*To DIAZ, who supports him.*] You never called old Roque traitor. Heaven—bless you—for that—and—pardon—all my—sins. [*Throws his arm around DIAZ, and dies. DIAZ rises.*]

*Morillo.* Away! Stand off!

*Diaz.* Monster! Thou canst not pass.

*Morillo.* By Santiago! But I must: quick! Boy;—  
My mission's urgent.

*Diaz.* And thy bloody work  
And badge tell what it is. False to thy cause,  
Thou wouldst betray thy friends to chains and death.

*Morillo.* No friends Morillo reckons in a cause  
Now grown so foul that Heaven abandons it.

*Diaz.* Not Heaven; but wretches who for lucre would  
Surrender Heaven itself to Lucifer.

*Morillo.* Beware! I am in no mood for parley. Off!  
My sword's impatient; for my honor's pledged  
To bring Riego to the King.

*Diaz.* 'Twas pledged  
This night to share Riego's perils—Back! Back!

*Morillo.* Rash youth! That wound shall not protect thee!—

[*Aims a blow at DIAZ, but falls over Roque's body, dropping his sword which DIAZ takes up.*]

*Diaz.* Rise!  
Thy life is spared.

*Morillo.* Ha! Foiled by a beardless boy. [*Aside.*]  
Señor, this noble act o'erpowers me. Give  
Me back my sword—I'll forthwith to Madrid.

*Diaz.* I cannot arm thee more with means of mischief.  
Thou art free to go.



*Morillo.* Thy caution, cancels not  
The debt I owe thee: let me in return  
Safe conduct give thee thro' our scouts, whom else  
Thou canst not shun.

*Diaz.* I fear not for myself  
Since he is safe whom I were proud to die for.

*Morillo.* Riego?—There thou errest: known to have fled  
This way,—the peasant's mantle serving ill  
To hide his warrior form, or falcon eye—  
He too must fall.

*Diaz.* [*Aside.*] This wretch at least knows all.

*Morillo.* Thou wouldst die to save him?

*Diaz.* Freely.

*Morillo.* Generous Youth!—

I have a thought might test thy friendship.

*Diaz.* Name it.

*Morillo.* Stand thou his hostage; or to be redeemed,  
Or suffer in his stead: my prisoner as  
Thou'lt seem, my zeal wins favor with the King,  
And thence the means to save ye both.

*Diaz.* Art honest?—

But now thou soughtst our lives: does hate so soon  
Grow kind? See there! *Morillo's clemency!*

[*Points to the body of ROQUE.*]

*Morillo.* Yes, I was hasty—But thou saw'st he seized  
My throat. I felt as 'twere the gripe of death,  
And struck:—and yet I am sorry for it—Heaven knows.

*Diaz.* [*Pausing.*] Thou'dst have me rest upon a broken staff.

*Morillo.* Hast thou a firmer? Doubt my temper as  
Thou wilt—but not my truth. Say I repent,  
And long to cast aside this hateful badge.

*Diaz.* Give proof, and cast it off at once—forever.

*Enter PIERRE, passing hastily.*

*Morillo.* [*Accosting him.*] Friend! whither so fast?

*Pierre.* To spread the glorious news—Riego's taken.  
Dogged by Ugarte to Old Carlos' hut.— [*Exit PIERRE.*]

*Diaz.* [*Aside.*] O God!—Lost! Lost!

*Morillo.* [*Aside.*] Taken!—And not by me!—  
Then have I missed a dukedom. [*Aloud.*] Now thou wilt  
Believe *Morillo*? Ah! A wretched doom  
I fear, awaits thy friend.

*Diaz.* [*With great agony.*] Thou'lt keep thy promise?

*Morillo.* By all that's true—and sacred!

*Diaz.* Take thy sword—[*Hands it to him.*]

*Morillo.* And thine.

*Diaz.* Mine?—Mine!—This sword? It was my Father's:—  
His dying gift: 'tis girded to my heart.

*Morillo.* 'Twill still be thine: I hold it but for thee.

[*Diaz kisses his sword, then hands it to MORILLO.*]

Now kneel!

*Diaz.* What meanst thou?—

*Morillo.* Down! I am in haste.

[*DIAZ raises his hands as in prayer.*]

Now take thy sword again. [*Stabs him.*]

*Diaz.* O! Bloody! Bloody Fiend!—But save Riego—  
As thou hast sworn—and I—forgive thee.

*Morillo.* He'll rendezvous with thee to-night—in Hell.

As *MORILLO* is going, enter *FRANÇOIS* and *Soldiers*, with *RIEGO* guarded: from the opposite side, *Brothers of Charity* who approach the bodies.

*Morillo.* [*To the Officer.*] Ha, Captain! Thou hast caught the mighty hero.

*RIEGO* eyes him with disdain. *François* does not notice him.

*François.* [*Observing the bodies.*] See! 'tis the youth I passed some half hour since!—

*Riego.* My Boy! My gallant Boy!—And faithful Rogue! Señor—one moment: he—that youth was—was My friend's son: reared from infancy—as mine.

*François.* This feeling honors thee: pray take thy time.

*First Monk.* Lo! Youth's hot current and the chilly stream Of age—poured forth and mingling into one.  
A feast for Glory's crimson lip.

*Morillo.* Pray, Señor,  
When will his Highness, think you, reach Madrid?

*François.* [*Much absorbed.*] Exactly—As thou sayest—

*Morillo.* He heeds me not.

*First Monk.* Behold the work of war—waged not by fiends,  
Nor brutes—but Christians in a Christian land.

And they who wield aloft the club of Cain,  
And banquet on their brother's blood, dare call  
Themselves the followers of Him, whose mission  
On Earth was peace—

*Riego.* [*Half aside.*] No—'twas delusion—yet—methought he breathed.

*Morillo.* [*To François.*] The rich reward  
Thy service earns, thy tardiness may lose.

*François.* I ask for none—nor would I harrow up  
That brave man's feelings—for thy Kingdom's mines.

*Riego.* He breathes! He breathes! [*Raises DIAZ's head.*]

*Diaz.* Thanks—good friend—

*Riego.* Diaz! Speak

Again. Dost know me—Riego?

*Diaz.* [*Opening his eyes.*] Ah!—Thanks to Heaven—  
Señor!—O False Morillo!—

*Riego.* Speak!—

*Diaz.* Disarmed—

He begged his sword—then—by—false promises—  
Filched mine—and struck—here.

*Riego.* Faithless, ruthless butcher!

*Diaz.* He could not—murder—thee: gracious Heaven—I—  
Ah! Here—on poor old—Roque. [*Sleeps.*]

*Riego.* [To MORILLO.] Look here! Nearer;—  
 [MORILLO approaches with averted eyes.]  
 Behold thy work! Look! Look! He smiles as though  
 Some blissful vision beamed upon his soul.  
*Diaz.* He's safe—Riego's—safe; and Diaz—happy. [Dies.]  
*Riego.* Aye, happy art thou, noble youth. Owns earth  
 Or hell another fiend had done this deed?—  
*Morillo.* S'death! [Half draws.] But thou'rt fettered; else  
 my sword might rob  
 The gallows of its due.  
*Riego.* Base craven, no:  
 But for these chains thou durst not look me in  
 The face. [MORILLO draws.]  
*François.* Your pardon, sir; he is my prisoner.—Prithee  
 Stand back.  
*Riego.* Kind sir, one favor more—In the same grave  
 Let these brave soldiers rest.  
*First Brother.* Be that our charge.  
*Riego.* I should have known thy mission. Would that all  
 Who wear the garb of piety were such  
 As ye are—friends of the friendless. [Gives money as does FRAN-  
 çois.]  
*First Brother.* Thanks, Señors!  
 In their last bed thy friends shall rest as now.  
 [The Brothers of Charity remove the bodies.]  
*Riego.* [To MORILLO.] There shall thy butchered victims  
 find that peace  
 Thou ne'er canst know; while every honest heart  
 Shall own their worth, and curse the wretch who smote them.  
 [Exeunt FRANÇOIS with RIEGO one way; MORILLO another.]

## SCENE IX.

*A Room in the Palace next the King's Chamber. Two Monteros  
 near his door.*

*Enter SAEZ.*

*Saez.* [Softly.] Is his Majesty awake?  
*First Montero.* He hath not slept. [The King stirs.]  
*King Ferdinand.* [Within.] Who spoke?  
*First Montero.* Don Victor Saez.  
*King Ferdinand.* [Within.] Lights! Lights.  
*The Monteros bear lights within: Enter KING FERDINAND.*  
*Saez.* God save your Majesty.  
*King Ferdinand.* What tidings, say?  
*Saez.* All we could ask is ours: our foes subdued:  
 Riego captured—Mina flying for life.

*King Ferdinand.* Tell me that again—  
But first my valiant cousin—How near Madrid?  
*Saez.* A short day's march may bring him to thy arms.  
*King Ferdinand.* Feel here! 'tis joy. Riego slain; our gaoler!  
*Saez.* Not slain: reserved for fitter death.  
*King Ferdinand.* Ah! true:  
The rack! the rack! and then the gibbet. Aye!  
*Saez.* No less the doom his crimes incur.  
*King Ferdinand.* And yet  
The wretch twice rescued me from death: I'll think  
Of this again. He's safe?—Thou sayest?  
*Saez.* Safe? *Safe?*—  
The Holy Office must answer thee for that.  
*King Ferdinand.* He'll scarce elude her watch and ward, methinks?  
*Saez.* Guards *have been* bribed, and dungeons forced; no guard  
Is safe, but *one*; no vault secure save *his*.  
Should he escape—  
*King Ferdinand.* Escape?—that must not be.  
But say, how chanced the rebel chief, thus taken  
At fault?  
*Saez.* By trusting rebels like himself.  
Morillo thirsted for his blood as once  
For thine; Ballesteros, conscience smitten,  
Yielded without a blow. Heaven stood thy friend;  
Making the traitors thus betray each other;  
'Twas Heaven's own lightnings pointed out their camp;  
While thunders louder than our guns dismayed  
Their souls. Fierce Mina floundering thro' the storm  
Came but in time to share his comrades' rout.  
*King Ferdinand.* Ah Saez! The dream, the dream is out.  
Seest not  
In this the VIRGIN's hand?  
*Saez.* Hail BLESSED MARY!  
*King Ferdinand.* Again unto my couch. Good night! too long  
By joyful hopes o'erwrought, my spirits droop.  
*Saez.* Ah! Let Content of Hope and Joy take place,  
And gently woo sweet sleep to thy embrace.  
[*Exeunt.*

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SCENE X.

*A Chamber in RIEGO's House. A Lamp burning. DONA THERESA reclined on a Couch; INEZ sitting near her, asleep. A noise as of the wind.*

*Doña Theresa* [Half rising] They come! They come!  
'Tis but the wind against the broken casement.  
He'll come no more! But then had harm befallen him,

Sure Diaz had returned. Do you not think so,  
Inez? But no: Diaz would ne'er desert him  
Living nor dead!—That thought doth crush my hope.

[*Rises and walks to and fro.*]

The deep malignant monk! The chafed Morillo!  
And such a night for all foul mischief. Oft  
Amid the storm it seemed as tho' the fiends  
Unchained, defied Heaven's scourging bolts, and peal  
For peal hurled back their mocking thunders. [*Reveille at a distance.*] Hark!

The camp's harsh anthem to the Morn. [*Stops at a window—  
A horn blows.*] And now

The early muleteer, on stubborn horn,  
Essays rude music. Doth my eye deceive me?  
No, 'tis the blessed, dreaded light of day;—  
Piercing the mists on Buytrago's brow;—  
But reaching not the thicker gloom that shrouds  
My soul. Ah! My Riego! Nought, nought save  
The grasp of death—of *death?*—I'll know the worst.  
Inez! Inez! Rise! Rise! Get me my cloak!—

[*Exit INEZ.*]

'Twas ever thus:—Ah, happiness at best  
Shoots like a meteor o'er the human breast;  
But yesterday the sun of joy rose gay  
As that which heralded my bridal day.  
In swift pursuit the night of woe hath come  
To cast o'er earth the shadows of the tomb.  
Fears fill my bosom of so dark a hue,  
No tinge despair can add, tho' all I dread prove true. [*Exit.*]

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## ACT FIFTH.

### SCENE I.

*A Cell in the Inquisition; RIEGO reclining on his Pallet.*

*Enter UGARTE, with a Trencher and two Covers.*

*Ugarte.* Thy breakfast, Señor; [*Uncovers crusts and water.*]  
Humble fare, but all our scanty means allow.  
This from good Saez; [*Uncovers a skull.*] a friend, he bids me  
say, of thine—

*Riego.* Of mine?—

*Ugarte.* Who, in thy lonely hours,  
May reach thy heart, and counsel thee to shun the fate  
Of unrepentant sin:—one Porlier—



*Riego.* Porlier, thou say'st? Of what was he accused?

*Ugarte.* O! Deadly sins; of heresy and treason.

*Riego.* And would not confess?

*Ugarte.* Alas! He died impenitent.

*Riego.* Died?

*Ugarte.* Aye. With stubborn hardihood stood out  
The question, and so brought death upon himself; tho'  
Warned the sin would rest upon his soul.

*Riego.* Excellent! Suffering death sooner than slander  
His own fair name, and deemed—a suicide!

O! Rare device of vile imposture, that  
By a juggling phrase virtue transforms  
To vice—picturing things their very opposites.  
Porlier!—He was indeed my friend!—A man  
Who practised virtues hypocrites profess:  
Who fed the hungry; clothed the naked; was  
The orphan's father, and the widow's stay:  
Who loved his neighbor as himself; and daily  
To his God the homage offered of a heart  
Upright and pure; but worshipped not  
His image of molten brass, nor gold,—nor yet of flesh  
And blood. Striving to break a tyrant's chain,  
He met a tyrant's hate; and perished in  
The morn of life, victim of perfidy!  
*He* was a heretic! A traitor! while,—  
O God of Justice! they—they, who enslave  
And massacre mankind, are glorified  
As Gods! In mockery of thee, tricked up  
In all thy attributes:—Almighty Sovereigns!  
And God-like Conquerors! Priests Infallible!  
Holy Inquisitors! Most Holy Allies!  
And why not too, Most Holy King of Hell?

*Enter an Alguazil. He and UGARTE converse apart.*

But no: thou liest, Monk! That's not Porlier.  
Rescued by pious friendship from the moat  
Where Ferdinand's bribed assassins left him steeped  
In gore, his bones enjoy an honored sepulchre:  
Nor thence durst monkish vengeance rifle them  
To point its canting homilies, and teach  
How vain the hopes that warm a patriot's heart.

[UGARTE takes up the skull—a label falls off.]

But see! See! How thy falsehood stands exposed.

[Reads.] "DONA JOANNA DE BOHORQUEZ."

Poor Lady! Is it thou? Will nought appease  
The human fiends that tore thee from thy home;  
Wrested the struggling infant from thy bosom;  
And when that bosom ceased to heave beneath  
Their scourge, proclaimed thee innocent. Still do  
The holy hypocrites deny to thee  
The quiet of a grave?—enforcing thee

In treacherous league to plead their hateful cause?  
 Monsters! Monsters! O, would that mouth  
 Indeed might find a tongue, and those dark sockets glare  
 With light, to scare them from their feasts of blood.  
 How long, how long, ere Heavenly vengeance wake,  
 And crumble o'er their heads these guilty walls?  
 Away!—Away!

*Ugarte.* [*Aside.*] Alas! Poor sinful man.

*Alguazil.* Señor, the Holy Office cites thee to the Hall. Come;  
 Within we'll find a habit better suits thy present need.

*Riego.* Lead on.

[*Exeunt.*]

## SCENE II.

*The Audience Hall of the Inquisition hung round with green tpestry. Three INQUISITORS in black robes, around a table covered with black cloth, on which is a crucifix; green wax candles burning; pen, ink, paper, skull, &c. SAEZ acting as Fiscal; A RECORDING SECRETARY. A FAMILIAR. A large book open before the GRAND INQUISITOR.*

*Grand Inquisitor.* [*To Rec. Secretary.*] Observe this rule,—  
 the next and last. [*Hands book to Fiscal.*]

*Fiscal.* [*Reads.*] “Crowd not

“Thy page with vain excuse or supplication—

“Shifts to elude due penance. Scornful words

“And looks; confessions faint or full; response

“Evasive; and not less, a stubborn silence,—

“Sure tests of guilt—record with strictest care.”

*Grand Inquisitor.* [*To Familiar.*] Admit the prisoner.

[*Exit Familiar.*]

*Enter RIEGO, guarded, and habited as a Prisoner of the Inquisition.*

*Grand Inquisitor.* Draw near, and heed the oath we shall pro-  
 pound.

*Riego.* All needless oaths were better shunned.

*Grand Inquisitor.* Reflect:

Thou standst upon a precipice's edge.

*Riego.* I know; and they who brought me hither, hope  
 To cast me in the chasm below. Thus warned,  
 'Tis fit that frankly I disclaim your power,  
 Years past by our law annulled. Yet question what  
 Ye will, true answers ye shall have,—or none.

*Fiscal.* Thro' Heavenly grace our functions we resume  
 To guard God's holy law; and cite thee now  
 To atone its oft repeated profanation.

*Riego.* Let him who charges me with wilful crime  
 'Gainst God or man, confront me in the face  
 Of day; and if I stamp not on his brow  
 The brand of shame, your faggots be my doom.

*Fiscal.* All strangely in this hall, sounds oratory;  
Nor much this audience moved by bursts of passion.

*Riego.* By whom am I accused? and what my crime?

*Fiscal.* Thy candor, Señor, will dispense, we trust,  
With formal charge or proofs. Consult thy memory:  
Think of the past: of all thou hast said or done  
Irreverently against our Holy Faith.

*Riego.* Nought of all this I think of which my heart  
Repents.

*Fiscal.* If memory and conscience sleep,  
Or feign to sleep, our mercy should arouse them.  
Knowst thou this scroll?

*Riego.* Thy country's honored charter.

*Fiscal.* Where first proclaimed?

*Riego.* At Arcos and Cabezas.

*Fiscal.* By whom?

*Riego.* Riego.

*Fiscal.* Frankly owned. This volume  
Filled with the rank conceits of new world Liberals?—

*Riego.* That too was mine.—Its sins I know not of.

*Fiscal.* Don Rafael knows all power abides in God. [*Riego*  
*assents.*]

He governs man thro' delegated kings,  
And a still higher Potentate, Christ's own  
Vicerent. *This* would teach us power supreme  
Belongs to vulgar multitudes, absolved  
From spiritual sway: And this Don Rafael holds?

*Riego.* And none denies, who would not forge the seal  
Of Heaven's Great Judge, and truth and justice raze  
From his revealed decrees, that Bigotry  
May rule a world benighted and corrupt.  
Say what were King or mightiest Pontiff, did  
The multitude with scorn pay back the scorner?  
Look to the new-found continent, where Spain's  
Adopted son, the adventurous Genoese,  
First raised her flag, whose unyoked sons, and mines  
Of gold, and virgin soil, all Europe's Kings  
Deemed lawful spoil:—and lo! an infant race  
Hath sprung at once to giant size, in arts  
And arms towering beyond their sluggish elders:  
So pure the element they breathe, that Kings  
Forget their pride, and re-assume the dignity  
Of men: nor haughty caste of priests nor peers  
Obtrudes twixt them and the sole monarch they  
Obey.

*Fiscal.* Thou echoest subtle tenets held  
By infidels who know nor King nor Pontiff.

*Riego.* Long, long, may they enjoy that happy ignorance  
Living exemplars of the truth their swords  
Maintained—that under God a nation's weal  
Rests on its will alone. Chief among names

Revered, Virginia's Patriot Sage, who taught  
That truth; and first irrevocably based  
On fixed laws, the freedom of the soul.

*Fiscal.* These new lights from abroad, forbid in Spain;  
Brands—so the Holy Office views them,—plucked  
By rebel heretics from hell to fire  
The temple and the throne;—how used by thee?

*Riego.* As heavenly lamps to guide our steps, as erst  
The New World Pilgrims, safe through dangerous paths  
To Peace and Liberty. And holy men  
Would quench the flame! Vain thought! Already hath  
It pierced this vaulted den of Superstition.  
Creation's sire hath said, *Let there be light*;  
And ye would raise your puny hands to mar  
His work!—as easily ye'd quench the spheres.

*Fiscal.* Much dost thou speak of holy things; believ'st  
Thou in the triune God?

*Riego.* Hold! hold! My faith  
Alone concerns myself and that great God  
Who, if 'tis wrong, may punish or forgive.  
If he forbear, what mortal impiously  
Shall intercept his mercy, and presume,  
Unbidden, to avenge his cause?

*Fiscal.* Thou shun'st  
Our question. Once more: thy answer;  
And temperately.

*Riego.* I tell thee, monk, my soul  
To earthly power disclaims allegiance, nor  
Save at the bar of Heaven will make defence.

*Fiscal.* And terrible the wrath 'twill there encounter.  
Nor deem its Church may be despised: stern her  
Inflictions; hence not hasty to condemn.  
Once more.—Say, hath not Don Rafael lent his aid  
To strip the Holy Office, and the King  
Of power to punish heretics and traitors?

*Riego.* Of all their power to torture, rob and slay;  
And freely if again usurped, again  
Would peril life to snatch it from their grasp.

*Fiscal.* For this didst give thy suffrage to depose  
The King?

*Riego.* In part and for a time; to save  
The King from guilty union with the foes  
Of Spain; and Spain from ruin.

*Fiscal.* And for this  
Hast sought his life?

*Riego.* Never: but saved it—twice;  
Else not myself alone, but Spain, had now  
Been free.

*Fiscal.* The King and Church restored, thou still  
Would'st arm against their power?

*Riego.* If they again  
Should plot against my country.

*Fiscal.* And in this  
Doubtless, hast secret, sworn abettors?

*Riego.* Many.

*Fiscal.* Their names? [*To Secretary.*] *No answer.* Pray,  
how stand they pledged?

*Riego.* By all their hopes of freedom here, or peace  
Hereafter, never to betray their friends  
Nor cause.

*Fiscal.* Reflect:—once more, their names; their plans?

*Riego.* My lips are sealed.

*Fiscal.* Then mark us well, Don Rafael:  
Till noon this day is given thee to reflect;  
If truly penitent, mild penance may  
Ensue; if thou persist—means may be found  
To draw an answer forth.

*Riego.* Use all the means  
Thy Holy Brotherhood from kindred fiends  
Hath robbed, to make its drear abode a type  
Of hell—my lips are sealed.

*Fiscal.* Our task is done.  
Blind passion spurns the mercy would have saved  
Thee from a fearful trial. Haply in  
Solitude, reason may resume her sway;  
And earnest is our prayer thou should'st be ruled  
By her.

*Grand Inquisitor.* [*Signs to Familiar.*] [*Exit RIEGO, guarded.*  
Till noon, all stand excused. [*Exeunt.*

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### SCENE III.

*A Street leading to the Palace. Citizens passing to and fro.*

*Enter BALLESTEROS. Then a Carpenter meeting a Citizen.*

*Citizen.* What brings friend Sanson out thus early?

*Carpenter.* To help on with a gallows for you rebels; high  
as Haman's.

*Citizen.* Remember, my old lad, Haman was hanged on his  
own gallows. But seriously, for whom?

*Carpenter.* That's none of my business. Some say for Don  
Rafael; by order of the King and Don Victor Saez.

*Ballesteros.* [*Aside.*] It cannot be!

*Citizen.* Then would I rather Don Victor and Don Fernan-  
do might swing beneath it.

*Carpenter.* Why, in the way of trade, I would do as much  
for either.

*Citizen.* By Santiago, should it come to that, I'll rob thee of  
the job; I'll build a gibbet *gratis*, and hang them both to boot.

[*Exeunt different ways.*

*Ballesteros.* My mission is in vain.



*Enter two Hidalgos, meeting.*

*First Hidalgo.* What answer?—

*Second Hidalgo.* The King is inexorable. None but Monks approach him.

*First Hidalgo.* Mina, they say, is near, and swears if they touch a hair of Riego's head, to fire the palace.

*Second Hidalgo.* He'll come too late. One hour past noon, Don Rafael dies. Louis Antoine might save him if he would.

*First Hidalgo.* A Bourbon forgive Riego! Rely upon it, that's a desperate chance. *[Exeunt.*

*Ballesteros.* Yet 'tis the sole hope that's left. The Duke may claim him as the prisoner of France: I'll straightway to his camp. *[Returning.*

*Enter MORILLO and ABISBAL, conversing.*

*Abisbal.* What think you of a foreign mission? I am for France, gay France.

*Morillo.* Galicia will do for me:—But see our melancholy friend:—Why, General, you look as sad as tho' yon gibbet was for thee.

*Ballesteros.* 'Tis for one less deserves it than we, whose base desertion doomed him to it.

*Morillo.* Thou art in a moping humor.

*Abisbal.* Come, return with us. The King will reward his friends as well as punish his enemies: say, what wouldst have?

*Ballesteros.* That I fear he will never grant. Yet 'tis but to make the trial.

*Abisbal.* I will insure the boon, tho' it were half his kingdom. Come, come. *[Takes his arm, and exeunt.*

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## SCENE IV.

*The Hall of Audience.*

*Enter KING FERDINAND, SAEZ, the NUNCIO, ALAGON, ABISBAL, BALLESTEROS, MORILLO, the ALCALDES of the King's Household, Courtiers, Monks, &c. SAEZ is conversing earnestly with ABISBAL and MORILLO, who bow and retire. The KING ascends the Throne, assisted by SAEZ and ALAGON.*

*Saez.* Lo! San Fernando's throne again receives  
Its lawful sovereign.

*King Ferdinand.* Under Heaven to none—  
Save my brave Cousin,—do I owe it that  
My hands are freed, more than to faithful Saez:  
And their first act shall lift him to the seat  
Usurped by the traitor, curst San Miguel.

*Saez.* For once, let Saez oppose his master's wish.  
Rouse not ambitious hopes might wean my mind  
From holier thoughts. My prayers shall still be thine.

*King Ferdinand.* Myself I know it profits more than thee:  
But much Spain needs thy counsels; and 'tis fit  
He should be next my throne who's next my heart.

*Saez.* Such the deep love I bear thee, that I fear  
Were it crime to serve thee—I should serve thee still,  
Tho' at the peril of my eternal peace. [*Kisses the King's hand.*]

*During the last speech, ABISBAL and MORILLO re-enter, the former habited as King's Proctor, the latter as an Alcalde. They take the arm of BALLESTEROS, and advance towards the throne.*

*Saez.* [*To King.*] Your Majesty's new friends.

*King Ferdinand.* By Holy Mary!  
Twice, twice my friends, and only once my foes.

*Abisbal.* Your Majesty hath proofs of our contrition.

*King Ferdinand.* And promised ye rewards. Speak! What  
would ye?

Is it gold? High place at home?—Or foreign embassy?

*Ballesteros.* Nor gold nor honors Ballesteros asks:  
I come with bleeding heart to sue for one  
But yesterday his country's idol, now  
Betrayed by friends, deserted by the world.

*King Ferdinand.* Be brief,—his name?

*Ballesteros.* Don Rafael de Riego.

*King Ferdinand.* Thou pleadst for him? chief ruffian of the  
gang

Who robbed me of my freedom and my crown!

*Ballesteros.* His arm twice saved your Majesty from death!  
Trusting thy gracious sense of that;—thy pledge  
Of full oblivion for the past—

*King Ferdinand.* 'Tis false:—  
That amnesty thou knowest his rebel friends  
And thine, enforced, with daggers at my throat.  
Away; I visit justice on a traitor;  
And Heaven approves: Thou hast betrayed a friend.  
Go, seek some cloister's walls to hide thy shame,  
And purchase masses for the miscreant's soul.  
Begone! Ere I take back thy unearned pardon.

*Abisbal.* [*Aside to Ballesteros, as he is going.*] General! Adieu!  
Pray, sometimes in thy orisons  
Remember me.

*Morillo.* [*Aside to Ballesteros.*] Farewell! my godly brother:  
Almost I envy thee thy life of peace  
And piety. One day thou'lt be a Saint.

*Ballesteros.* [*Aside to them.*] 'Tis just: I merit all; but triumph not;  
Ye too deserted Spain to serve a tyrant:  
The time may come ye too shall meet his wrath;  
The scoffs of wretches like yourselves; the hell  
Of conscious guilt. [*Exit BALLESTEROS.*]

*King Ferdinand.* I trust ye come not, Señors,  
With this fool's errand in your mouths to vex  
My ear?

*Abisbal.* The idle suit did much amaze us.

*Morillo.* Your Majesty but spurned the whining dog  
As he deserved.

*King Ferdinand.* Forgive Riego! Oblivion for the past!  
For unrepented sin! [*To Saez.*] Where find we that?

*Saez.* Not in the code of life: else were the flames  
Of Hell extinct, and its rebellious chief

Reseated near the throne of Heaven. No! God

Hath said it—I will purge the rebels from

Among ye. *Whosoe'er rebels, shall die.*

*King Ferdinand.* God's will is the law of Spain: let it be  
done.—

*Saez.* [*To an Officer.*] Proceed.

*Officer.* The Alcaldes of the King will take their seats.

*The Alcaldes range themselves before the Throne: MORILLO presiding: ABISBAL as Proctor of the King.*

*Enter RIEGO in chains, attended by ALAGON.*

*Officer.* Make way! Make way, Señors! Room for the Prisoner!

*RIEGO is conducted before the Alcaldes.*

*Abisbal.* Judges! The prisoner now before ye, stands  
Accused of treason. Ask ye for the proofs?

What proofs would ye desire?—That he who sits  
On yonder throne is Don Fernando, King  
Of Spain? Or this, the infamous Riego?—

*Alcaldes.* No! No! We have proofs enough.

*Morillo.* Who needs a lamp to see the noonday sun?

*Abisbal.* Then as King's Proctor, I demand at once  
Judgment of death 'gainst this attainted traitor,  
Don Rafael de Riego.

*Morillo.* Judges! Ye  
Have heard the cause: How say ye, *Guilty*, or  
*Not Guilty*?

*Alcaldes.* *Guilty! Guilty!*

*Morillo.* *Guilty!* And so say we  
All. Hath Don Rafael aught to urge whereby  
To extenuate his crime?

*Riego.* No crime I own:  
No act have done I would not do again.  
Nor one—save such as they who now accuse  
And judge me—did abet. No proofs ye bring:  
No law ye cite: no power ye show to try  
A Spaniard taken in arms against the foes  
Of Spain. As prisoner of France, I claim  
From France a prisoner's due—the usages  
Of war. The King's free pardon too I plead,  
Proclaimed at Cadiz: and protest before  
The world against this mockery, under form  
Of law, whereby ye'd blight my fame and life.

*King Ferdinand.* Enough! Enough! He speaks but to insult

His judges and defy the law. Despatch!

*Morillo.* 'Twere well these taunts had been foregone: they but Offend the King, from whom alone, this side The grave, thy hope of pardon. Nought remains Save to declare the sentence of the law— That thou Don Rafael de Riego suffer An ignominious death: thy head exposed At Las Cabezas; and thy quivering limbs Sent to strike terror at the spots where most Thy treason blazed. God's mercy save thy soul.

*The Alcaldes rise: all retire to the further end of the Hall, except the KING, SAEZ, ALAGON, RIEGO and the Guards.*

*King Ferdinand.* Now is our triumph sealed. Forth! To execution.

*Saez.* [*Aside to the King.*] But first—the rack?—

*King Ferdinand.* [*Aside to Saez.*] Aye, true: thou'lt see to that.

[*To Alagon.*] Back to his dungeon; at the appointed hour On hurdle drag him to the gallows' foot: See that no sympathizing friend approach To cheer his soul; should he essay to move The rabble, let the drum's loud clamor drown His dying speech; then tell the wondering world The mighty hero of Cabezas like A craven died, and with his latest breath Confessed his guilt. [*To Riego.*] Thus shall thy pride be humbled,

And thy proud name be razed from Honor's chronicle.

*Riego.* Upon the murderer's head the shame shall rest, Not on his victim's. No! My soul exults To think the day shall come when o'er thy falsehoods Truth shall prevail, and an impartial world Do justice to Riego—and to thee.

*King Ferdinand.* Hence! Hence! And let that traitorous tongue be quelled.

*Enter Doña THERESA, who falls at the King's feet.*

*Doña Theresa.* Mercy! O gracious King! O mercy! mercy!

*Riego.* [*Aside.*] Was then this bitterest draught still in reserve?

*King Ferdinand.* How's this? What would the woman have? Art frantic?

*Doña Theresa.* Aye, well nigh frantic.—O my husband! See! They bear him off. O spare him, gracious King.

*King Ferdinand.* [*Aside.*] Riego's wife! [*Descends.*] Señora, rise.

[*To Alagon.*] Come hither; Do thou take charge of this poor dame, whom grief Hath crazed. [*To Guards.*] Conduct the prisoner to his cell.

*Riego.* [*Aside.*] Now am I Ferdinand's slave.

[*To the King.*] Not for myself,

O King! I ask thy pity; but visit not  
Unmanly vengeance on my guiltless wife.

*King Ferdinand.* [*To Guards.*] Ha! Heard ye my command?

[*The Guards surround RIEGO and conduct him off.*]

*Doña Theresa.* Not yet—one moment—

He's gone! They have borne him to his death!

*King Ferdinand.* [*Aside to Alagon.*] So bright  
Thro' tears—how dazzling must she be in smiles?

*Saez.* Our friends await their promised recompense.

*King Ferdinand.* True: bid them return at noon.

SAEZ rejoins the rest, and exeunt all except the KING, DONA THERESA and ALAGON. The KING whispers ALAGON, who retires, but remains concealed.

I pity thee,

Señora,—from my heart, and would befriend thee.

*Doña Theresa.* Help me then, gracious King, in this dread hour:

The next may sink me else beyond the reach  
Of human aid. Ah! think: my husband bared  
His breast to ward from thine a ruffian's steel.  
Have mercy now on him; 'twill stand thee more in stead  
Than will his blood, that awful day,  
When thou shalt sue for mercy to thy KING.  
O say, shall he not soon be free?

*King Ferdinand.* He may—

On terms shall mark his sovereign's clemency;  
And thou thyself mayst herald his reprieve.

*Doña Theresa.* Thanks! Thanks! O, Heavenly mission for  
a wife:

To snatch a husband from the grasp of death.  
Now generous King thou shalt disarm thy foes,  
And from Riego win a pledge the rack  
Could ne'er extort: his wife's unceasing prayers  
Withal that God may lengthen out thy days,  
And in a better world reward thy mercy.

*King Ferdinand.* Hem! Prayers are well—but prithee, fair  
Señora,

Tease me not thus with charming prudery.

*Doña Theresa.* Your Majesty designs some jest: but grief  
Hath made my brain unapt to playful fancies.

*King Ferdinand.* See! See! The light shines thro' thy feigned  
dullness.

That glowing cheek betrays the consciousness  
Those lovely lips blush to disown. No prayers  
I ask,—but love,—such as—thou gavest Don Rafael.

*Doña Theresa.* The love I gave my husband! Why, 'tis his;  
By title ratified in Heaven; as holds  
Your Majesty I trust our gracious Queen's.



The precious gems that deck thy crown, would shine  
As brightly in a peasant's cap: but love—  
A wife's true love—can sparkle but for one;  
Borrowing its lustre from the ruby case  
By heavenly love bestowed—a husband's heart.

*King Ferdinand.* Say that his fearful penance I remit?  
My fair Señora shining high the while  
Above the brightest star that gilds my court—  
Might I not hope her smiles at least would—

*Doña Theresa.* Never! Knowest thou Riego? And canst  
think

His wife so vile? Or dream that he would touch  
The wages of her shame?—But sure?—Yes, yes;  
Your Majesty would test a wife's fidelity;  
Not triumph o'er her frailty.

*King Ferdinand.* [Aside.] By the sweet Virgin!  
These modest strivings were enough to kindle  
A saint; and might deceive, did I not know  
The frailest dame best plays the coy coquette.  
Thy virtue, fair Señora, which even more  
Than thy surpassing beauty, vanquishes  
My heart, must not be thus Don Rafael's enemy  
And ours. Say that the Church absolve us all  
From blame?—

*Doña Theresa.* Could our own hearts—would Heaven acquit  
us?

Ah! No: The ties that bind me to my husband,  
No Church imposed, nor but with life dissolves.  
I feel to break them, could a thought so vile  
E'er stain my soul, were sin past all forgiveness.

*King Ferdinand.* What! What! And dost reject my proffered favor?

*Doña Theresa.* Speak not of favor, 'twere a crime in thee  
To offer; infamy in me to think of.

*King Ferdinand.* 'Tis time to end this parley. Ponder well  
Señora; else to-morrow may remorse  
Succeed to pride; and thou who now disdains't  
Thy Sovereign's bounty, come to feel his power.

*Doña Theresa.* There is a power above surpasses thine.

*King Ferdinand.* Look not that way—just Heaven befriends  
thy King,

Beats down his foes, and brings thee to his feet.  
No angry storm shall rain upon me now;  
But thy soft tears, instead, that glistening as  
They fall like sun-lit showers, shall melt my heart:  
Nor lightnings need I dread, flashed from those eyes;  
Nor thunders heed, launched by this little hand.

[Takes her hand, which she withdraws.

*Doña Theresa.* [Aside.] His touch doth freeze my blood!  
O! My Riego!

*King Ferdinand.* Now mark me, Dame: That paragon of husbands,

Whose doom his wife decrees—

*Doña Theresa.* O! Say not that—

*King Ferdinand.* High in mid air the noon day sun shall view His traitor form loose swinging in the wind.—

*Doña Theresa.* O! Be my life the ransom paid for his. Give me his gloomy cell; his death of shame; The blazing faggot or the torturing wheel: Aught that shall not steep my soul in sin.

*King Ferdinand.* Ah! Arch dissembler, who canst talk of sin, Yet slay a husband; idly challenge death, And yet withhold a petty sacrifice, Incurs nor pain nor guilt. A word from thee, Riego lives—for want of it, he dies. 'Tis but to save a husband.

*Doña Theresa.* Say to lose him; Aye, each tho' living, to the other dead: Worse, worse than dead, since conscious of our loss.

*King Ferdinand.* On thy head rest his blood.

*Doña Theresa.* Ye Heavens! Am I So fell a monster? No! 'Tis thou dost crush Us both. O! If 'twill sate thy vengeance, tear us Apart; let him in exile, far from Spain, Pine out his days. Make me thy slave.

*King Ferdinand.* My slave?—

*Doña Theresa.* Thy very slave.

*King Ferdinand.* In all?

*Doña Theresa.* All? Ha! My thoughts Seem wildly rushing to the brink of guilt; Then fly affrighted back to meet despair And madness. One day; one hour's reprieve! Let me behold once more my husband's face; Then here will I return, if such thy will, And be—as now—a wretch within thy power.

*King Ferdinand.* One further pledge—

*Doña Theresa.* Have pity! Oh! Have pity! Power needs no pledges.

*King Ferdinand.* True; nor will I think My lovely Envoy, while her hand unlocks My prisoner's cell, will leave her captive here To pine in gloom. Thy absence will be brief?— This *must* be so.

*Doña Theresa.* Must? Must? Thy slave obeys.

*King Ferdinand.* Ah! Cunning sex! Who play the tyrant, while They feign the slave: ne'er yielding but to conquer.

*ALAGON approaches.*

But see! Duke Alagon awaits thee. Señor!

This sorrowing Dame hath leave to see her husband.

[ALAGON bows and waits on DONA THERESA towards the door.

Señor! [ALAGON returns.]

[Aside to him.] Much can be done by thee and Saez: be wary.

Alagon. [Aside to King Ferdinand.] Trust me, your Majesty need have no fears.

[Exeunt DONA THERESA and ALAGON.

King Ferdinand. She'll keep her secret; or, if not, he'll scoff Her prudish qualms, thinking to shun the question.

But shall that be? Ha!—No. My end once gained,

That serpent must not live, coiled in my path.

He dies; aye, thus shall Heavenly vengeance be

Appeased, and Ferdinand doubly triumph o'er

The wretch whom most he dreads. He dies! He dies!

As he is going, enter ABISBAL, MORILLO, CHAMORRO, Courtiers, Monks, Guards, &c.

[Aside.] My friends again! Must Kings know no repose?

[ABISBAL and MORILLO advance, bowing to the KING.]

Your wishes, Señors? Speak them freely: Say,

What would the noble Conde?

Abisbal. Leave to serve

Your Majesty abroad—your faithful envoy—

King Ferdinand. St. James's?—or St. Cloud?—[ABISBAL bows.

And how reward

The veteran Conqueror of Mexico?

Morillo. Since now his gracious King no more doth need Morillo's sword—

King Ferdinand. Ha!—Was it then to serve

Thy King that sword was pointed at his heart?

Abisbal. [Aside to Morillo.] Thou hast raised a storm, Morillo, wrecks us both.

Morillo. I deemed my royal master had forgiven

His slave's offence—and would forget it.

King Ferdinand. Just Heaven forgives not rebels: why should Kings?

Were ye not false, why here seeking rewards,

While still ferocious Mina threatens our peace?

I banish ye from Spain. Thrice perjured traitors!

Dreamed ye I'd trust to ye again? Hence! Let not

The setting sun behold ye in Madrid,

Else rising, he shall view ye dangling with

The wretch ye have betrayed, whose crimes compared

With yours, seem virtues.

[Exeunt.

## SCENE V.

*A Cell in the Inquisition. RIEGO chained to the Floor.*

*Riego.* O Spain! My much-loved, wretched country! Far,  
Far happier is my fate than thine. A moment,  
And all my sufferings cease; thy bosom still  
Must heave beneath the weight of bigot power.  
A tyrant rules thee, propped by foreign hands,  
And guided by a soulless monk—a fiend  
Whose thoughts, darker than ocean's deepest cave,  
Breeds monsters more remorseless. But come,  
It will, the joyful day of thy deliverance.  
To those who till them, then thy teeming fields  
Shall yield their golden fruitage; and the graves  
Of Freedom's martyred sons shall echo back  
Thro' all thy hills and vales, her sacred anthem.

*[A secret panel opens, at which SAEZ appears unseen by RIEGO.]*

*Saez.* Untouched! The miscreants gone who should have  
made

Him feel the pains his haughty spirit braves.

*Riego.* But for my wife, I could defy their malice.  
Poor sufferer! *[Raises his handkerchief to his face.]*

*Saez.* 'Tis the right key, if any, should unlock  
His bosom to my errand; but I have read  
Him much amiss, if the bare whisper do  
Not raise a storm his death alone can lay.

*Enter UGARTE and ROMUALDO.*

So! Our knaves; in time to let him taste the sweets  
Of the proud martyrdom he covets.

*Ugarte.* *[Touching Riego.]* Señor, your sand is nearly out.

*Riego.* Ah! True! I am ready; this, *[gives his handkerchief]*  
give to my wife;

*[Aside.]* Stained with the only tear e'er shamed my manhood.  
Now, one pang more—and that, remember, sudden and final.

*Ugarte.* Doubt us not, Señor; so fiercely shall our engine  
act, that ere pain be felt, feeling shall have ceased.

*[They are about to unlock his Chains.]*

*Saez.* No! No. That must not be.—Suffering's the meed  
Of guilt; and must be his, ere he can earn  
The luxury of a grave. *[Advances.]* Hold! hold!

*[Makes a sign to Familiars—they retire.]*

Didst think  
To baffle Saez? What! Would Riego crown  
His noble deeds with suicide? And shrink  
Like common men from pain?

*Riego.* A moment more,  
This torment he at least had shunned, of now  
Again beholding thee.

*Saez.* And I, it seems,  
A pleasure lost, never to be recalled.

*Riego.* That—many such—may still be thine : to stretch  
Thy victim on the rack—to taunt his sufferings—  
To catch his blood-shot eye, while glancing looks  
Would pierce or melt aught but a monkish heart—  
To view his every limb and feature warped  
And quivering with excess of agony!  
O! 'Twere a study of most rare delight :  
Worthy the Devil—or Saez himself. Hell—Hell  
Has nothing comparable.

*Saez.* Rail on—then hear me.  
I came to offer thee deliverance.

*Riego.* Thou !  
'Tis thou did'st plot my death ; doom me to torture ;  
And now would'st raise delusive hopes to glut thy vengeance.

*Saez.* Not mine the boon ; the King would be thy friend.

*Riego.* Ferdinand Riego's friend ! Is he not thine ?—

*Saez.* Pity, at least, it seems, howe'er misplaced,  
Hath touched his heart.

*Riego.* As soon 'twould melt a tiger's,  
As his or thine, till Heaven's avenging bolts  
First rive a passage thro' your flinty bosoms.  
Thou mockest me, Monk ; or tellest of charm more strange  
Than that of old, transforming men to brutes—  
A spell to change a monster into man.

*Saez.* A spell in sooth ; wrought too by a fair Enchantress.

*Riego.* I prithee keep this wondrous tale to adorn  
Thy saintly legends ; scarce I'd credit thee,  
Tho' newly risen from the grave.

*Saez.* I know ;  
Riego fain would die for Liberty ;  
Martyrdom far more precious in his eyes  
Than a dull life of ease and honor. Even  
A widowed wife—

*Riego.* Draw not my thoughts that way :  
Forbear ! Forbear !

*Saez.* How else my errand tell ?  
For 'tis to her thou owest thy Sovereign's kindness.

*Riego.* Be merciful for once, and torture not  
The soul. Speak what thou hast to say ; or leave me.

*Saez.* Know then—the King's enamored of thy wife.

*Riego.* Impostor ! Demon !

*Saez.* Vanquished by her charms,  
He deigns to place her next his Queen in rank,  
And first in favor—

*Riego.* Sure I have been wrench'd  
Upon the wheel, and with returniug life



My senses stray in dreams more horrid than  
The pangs it gave.

*Saez.* Recall thy wandering reason;  
Hear all: then make thy choice—a felon's death;  
Or Freedom, with the rule of fair Galicia.  
Nay, more—

*Riego.* What more? What more? Do I still breathe  
On Earth? Or is not this the dread abode  
Where penal sufferings purify the soul  
From sins done in the flesh?

*Saez.* Riego raves;  
The firm, the resolute Riego; fancying  
Insults from hands would shower bright honors on him.  
Say that the Church permission gives; thy wife  
Her free consent?

*Riego.* Say that the sun's an icicle!  
The frozen pole a mass of liquid fire—  
That Heaven's the dwelling place of Monks: say that  
There's honor—virtue—truth—in Ferdinand  
And thee:—Tell aught—but that.

*Saez.* 'Tis love of thee  
Favors his suit—and would bespeak thy sanction.

*Riego.* Amazing liar! Could I but reach thee—I  
Would grasp thee till some touch of torment thou  
Should'st feel like that thou'dst give; then leave thy carcass  
Fit morsel for the toads this vault engenders.

*Saez.* That fate be thine!—or worse. But mark me well:  
Thou may'st reject the boon thy King would grant,  
And not the less yield her on whom thou doatest.  
Ferdinand will not be foiled in schemes of love:  
When thou shalt in thy grave unquietly  
Be laid, thy beauteous dame in his embrace  
Shall find a solace for her loss.

*Riego.* Ah! Fiends  
As ye are, ye dare not meet the blasting fire  
Which beams from Virtue's eye. Begone!

[*SAEZ going, converses with Familiars, who retire.*

But—Ah!—

Then so may I again behold her face,  
And vindicate her truth. Don Victor! Prithee  
Return. My wife, thou says't, consents?—And freely?

*Saez.* I have it from the Duke.

*Riego.* Still, I would hear it  
From her own lips.

*Saez.* What then?

*Riego.* What then? What then?—

*Saez.* Speak out: the pledge! Thoult yield her to the  
King.

*Riego.* What! Yield her—to?—If she consent, I will—  
I will—to him or thee.

*Saez.* I scarce can think

This whim should be indulged. But Alagon's  
Within who better knows our master's wish.

SAEZ *withdraws; the secret panel opens and ALAGON enters. He and SAEZ converse apart, out of view of RIEGO.*

Riego. Alagon! Ferdinand's fit tool, and thine,  
For all foul service.

Saez. [*Aside to ALAGON.*] A precious scheme! What mis-  
chiefs

Would it not work, but that its folly doth  
Insure its failure.

Alagon. 'Tis the King's own scheme.

Saez. 'Twill fail; 'twill fail; and best for him it should.

[*Exeunt thro' the panel.*]

Riego. Consents?—No, no: 'tis an infernal plot.

*Enter DONA THERESA from the opposite side.*

Doña Theresa. My husband!

Riego. Once more heart to heart; my wife!

My faithful wife! Thou wouldst not then forsake me?

Doña Theresa. In weal nor woe; nor thou thy poor Theresa?

Riego. Not for all earthly blessings coupled with  
Unfading glory and immortal life.

Doña Theresa.. Thou makest me happy! Happy? No, alas!  
Most wretched. Oh!—I have a pang for thee—

The cell of torture can supply none fiercer.

Riego. Nay, spare thyself and me the harrowing tale.  
Already have I heard enough.

Doña Theresa. The monster!

A hideous scheme: yet—Oh! My husband—*almost*  
I wished—canst thou forgive me?—*almost now*  
I wish—thou wouldst accept his cruel mercy.  
Nay, cling not to me thus; else art thou wrecked.  
O! 'Ere the driving tempest send thy barque  
Adrift, use the sole anchor left, and cast  
Me from thee—

Riego. Into shame and misery.

Doña Theresa. Thy freedom gained—Heaven gives the key  
to mine. [*Shows a dagger.*]

Riego. My own Theresa! Ah! I know, I feel  
Thy pure self-sacrificing love; and deep,  
Deep in the bosom of my soul it dwells;  
Thence ne'er by mortal hand to be divorced.  
But think not thy Riego had endured  
A life so saved—so cursed in saving. [*Eyeing the dagger.*] Ha!  
Pray lend it me. [*She gives it.*] By Heaven, thou smilest as tho'  
Thy beaming light were sent to guide me thro'  
The gloom, and carve a way beyond the reach  
Of brutal vengeance.

Doña Theresa. First redeem thy wife!  
The glittering blade once more my breast shall greet,

A token of love to lure me to thy arms,  
My haven of bliss—my refuge from despair.

*Riego.* Might Heaven approve, how sweet it were to die,  
Locked in this last embrace.

*Doña Theresa.* Call it not death;  
Rather a brief and sweet siesta, whence  
Angels shall wake us, as on high they chant  
The marriage of our souls, and beckon us  
To share their joys.

*Riego.* No!—'Twas a desperate, hideous  
Fancy. Thou tempting fiend, how didst thou prompt  
My hand to damning sin! But God be thanked,  
'Tis past. I cannot stain with blood, thy blood,  
This snowy pillow of my joys and griefs,  
Nor bring upon our souls the frown of Heaven.  
Live my Theresa, for thy husband's sake;  
Thou best canst guard his fame from those whose malice  
Would stab him in the grave. Think him still near thee;  
And let his image, like a pleasing dream,  
Dwell with thee, 'till the hour we meet again.

*Doña Theresa.* 'Twill not be long. [*Bell tolls.*] Hark! Hark!

*Riego.* 'Tis time—we part—

*Doña Theresa.* Part! Part?—Thou wilt not use the friendly  
steel,

And yet canst speak that word. We must not part:  
Thus will I cleave to thee, in life—in death—

*Suddenly the back door of the cell opens, discovering a range of cells—  
the inmost of which is the Cell of Torture, wherein is placed an  
Engine, surrounded by Inquisitors, and Friars in long black  
cloaks, each bearing a Taper.*

*UGARTE and ROMUALDO advance.*

See there! Away! O! Hide me! Save me. [*She swoons.*]

*Ugarte.* The bell hath tolled—

*Riego.* [*Not noticing him.*] Oh! Would that sigh had been  
thy last! [*Lays her on his pallet.*]

*Enter SAEZ through the secret panel.*

*Saez.* Are ye resolved?

*Riego.* Thou must abide her answer.

*Saez.* Tear them apart.

*Riego.* Touch her not! Touch her not! [*Raises the dagger.*]

*Enter a Familiar.*

*Familiar.* A priest attends to confess Don Rafael.

*SAEZ signs to UGARTE and ROMUALDO, who retire the way they en-  
tered, closing the door.*

*Saez.* [*To Familiar.*] Father Hilario, is it not?

*Familiar.* Father Hilario is sick in bed; an old friend takes  
his place—a canon, from his habit.

*Riego.* [*Aside.*] It may—it must be he.

*Saez.* [*To Familiar.*] When he retires,  
Once more sound thou the bell. [*Exit Familiar.*] Our rule  
forbids

All witnesses to this last solemn rite.

*Riego.* I beg thou wilt observe it: as for her,  
She lies too near a better world to heed  
What passes here.

*Enter the Canon RIEGO, who pauses as in prayer, until SAEZ retires thro' the secret panel.*

[*Aside.*] 'Tis he! My kindest brother! [*Embracing.*]

*The Canon.* Dear Rafael! I came to comfort thee—  
But most myself need comfort: I'm a child. [*Weeps.*]

*Riego.* Thou hast ever been to me the best of brothers;  
O! Be as such to her. Bear her at once  
To some free land, far from the fiends whose hate  
Pursues even her. Fulfil this last request.

*The Canon.* I will; I will; by the pure soul of our mother!  
Should Angoulême not claim thee as his prisoner—  
If thou must perish—Mina leaves lost Spain this night for Eng-  
land.

*Riego.* God be thanked! In Mina she will find  
A sure protector; in his wife a friend.  
My brother! Thou hast brought me comfort: Aye,  
That I most craved, but had not hoped. To know  
That she is safe, will dull the sting of death,  
And fill my soul with joy beyond the grave.  
Farewell, dear brother! And once more—once more—  
My stricken wife!—[*Places her in the Canon's arms.*]  
Tell her 'twas my request.

*The Canon.* I may—may see thee—yet again; if not—  
May God be with thee—in thy hour of trial.

[*Exit the Canon, bearing off DONA THERESA.*]

*The bell sounds: re-enter SAEZ, UGARTE and ROMUALDO.*

*Saez.* How's this? Thy wife removed!

*Riego.* Was she thy prisoner?

*Saez.* Then once for all; thy answer to the King:  
Wilt thou retract thy treasons, and accept  
His pardon on full submission to his will?

*Riego.* Never! Now to thy work. [*Gives UGARTE the dagger.*]

*Saez.* Thy hour is come;  
The hurdle waits that bears thee to the doom,  
Thy country and her laws decree.

*Riego.* 'Tis false;  
Saez knows 'tis false. My country hath no law,  
Save a stern tyrant's will. Riego dies  
To lull that tyrant's fears; to feed a Jesuit's  
Malice. Be it so; soon death shall snatch him from  
Their grasp; and bear his spirit to realms of peace.

But—will his murderers?—Look up! Ha! No; no!  
They *feel* that never while the Heavens endure  
Can souls distained with guiltless blood, know rest.

[*SAEZ signs to the Familiars and exit thro' the secret panel. They unlock RIEGO's chain and conduct him thro' the door leading towards the Cell of Torture.*]

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### SCENE VI.

*A Room in the Palace. KING FERDINAND on a Couch, conversing with ALAGON.*

*Alagon.* But Angoulême pursues: there's no escape.

*King Ferdinand.* Granted—the vile rebel falls:—What Conqueror

Shall quell rebellious thoughts?—Who slay the slayer  
Death?—Alagon! I'm sick: that muffled drum—  
Its solemn dirge struck terror to my soul,  
Roused from sweetest musings; and still rings  
Like death-watch in my ear. Then followed curses,  
And shouts—and then a frightful crash—thou heardst it—  
As of walls down shaken by the quaking earth.

*Alagon.* Your Majesty needs rest.

*King Ferdinand.* Aye! That is it.

But there's no rest for me this side the grave.—  
Dost think there's life beyond it?—

*Alagon.* I fear there is.

*King Ferdinand.* At times that thought o'erpowers me; and  
the dread

Lest our false oaths and sinful deeds condemn us.

*Alagon.* No sin can at thy door be laid, who dost  
In all obey the Church: but say 'twere sin;  
Her pious masses make *thy* pardon sure.

*King Ferdinand.* Ah! Alagon! *Must Heaven perforce forgive*  
Whom man acquits? Or say, our masses fail?  
Or should in this our Holy dogmas err—

*Enter SAEZ, in deep dejection.*

Look there! Behold! Now Saez—Speak! Speak! Art dumb?  
Riego hath escaped—

*Saez.* Never again

He'll vex thy peace. Now heavily hangs his head,  
As flaps the sail the storm gone by, and all  
Its breathings spent.

*King Ferdinand.* Then stands my throne secure.

*Saez.* Scarce had he breathed his last, when Mina—



*King Ferdinand.* Mina——

*Saez.* All gashed with wounds; his eye with vengeance fired,  
Heading La Isla's furious band, and passing  
Our sluggish allies, forced the gates——

*King Ferdinand.* My blood!——

My blood! for that the savage thirsts.

*Saez.* They seek

Riego:—ignorant of his fate, against  
The temple of our Holy Office first  
Their fury turned. A moment did the work  
Of centuries, and it stands a hideous ruin:  
Its sacred chambers and its secret cells  
Profaned by gaze of sacrilegious scorners;  
Its instruments of justice broken; its prisoners  
Unfettered, breathing the pure air of Heaven,  
Their crimes still unatoned; their mangled limbs  
And ghastly visages displayed to raise  
The pity of the mob, and spur it on  
To deadlier vengeance. Hither now they bend  
Their course to claim Riego at thy hands.

*King Ferdinand.* And say they that? Can I restore the dead?  
Would that I could; that peace like theirs were mine;  
Or consciousness with life might cease, and soul  
And body rest in one oblivious sleep.  
How joyfully would I then leap the gulf,  
And bury all my pain. Ah, Saez! Should Heaven  
Hereafter deal by us as we have dealt—[*Noise without.*]

*Saez.* 'Tis Mina's daring band.

*King Ferdinand.* And let them come:  
Mother of God! Is there a pang for man  
Reserved—Death's fearful call; the startling trump  
Shall wake the sinner to his doom; that doom  
Itself; can like remorse, torment the soul?  
De Lacy! Vidal! Porlier! Murdered, tortured  
Riego! Tortured by the wretch he saved.  
Will not a host of bloody spectres meet  
Us face to face before the awful presence?  
And shall we not like them then plead in vain?  
I see them now! Remorse! Remorse! Remorse!

[*Alarms without.*]

*Saez.* 'Twere best your Majesty had thought of this  
Before.

*King Ferdinand.* And thou canst say it! Thou Evil One  
Who tempted me to blood: aye; and canst look  
As unconcerned as tho' thou hadst no soul  
To perish in the pit that flames before us.  
I am weak: my limbs give way; or rocks the earth  
Beneath my feet? [*Totters: SAEZ and ALAGON support him.*]  
Saez! Alagon! Ye have changed  
To fiends! Unhand me! Off! Away! Away.

[*Sinks on his Couch.*]

*Alagon.* Quite spent:—remorse makes fearful work.

*Saez.* Pho! Pho! Remorse *is* fear: a bugbear raised  
By a sickly conscience to affright itself.  
The resolute dread no goblins; least of all  
The mighty shadows of their own great deeds.

*Alagon.* This flaw may quench even brighter hopes than mine.

*Saez.* Brighter than San Fernando's jewelled crown—  
[*Aside.*] Or by God's Holy Mother might he lie  
Thus spectre-tranced 'til waked by Gabriel's blast.

*K. Ferd.* Drink! drink! How's this? Who used me thus?  
More! more!

Methinks I'd quaff an ocean dry. Ah! Satan! [*To Saez.*]  
A fire burns *here*; lit by the wrath of God. [*Alarms.*]

No traitor's sword, tho' driven to the hilt,  
Can stir the flame to fiercer heat: no; no:  
Nor quench it were my heart a lake of blood.

Glozing Serpent! Have I not cause to curse thee?

*Saez.* Curse as thou wilt: my prayers and faithful service—

*K. Ferd.* Avaunt! Thou'rt hateful to my sight. [*Exit SAEZ.*  
[*Alarms.*]

*Alagon.* [*Looks out.*] 'Tis Mina, leading on La Isla's rebels.

*King Ferd.* Aye! Rushing at my throat while Angoulême,  
That vaunting Gascon, loiters by the way.

*Alagon.* Now! now! Behold!—My Guard retreat! See! See!

*K. Ferd.* Base hounds! And thou standst here! Their leader!  
Hold!—Nay go:—go or stay, my hour is come. [*Exit ALAGON.*]  
Is death indeed at hand? Must I thus perish,  
My soul fresh-spotted with Riego's gore?

Oh! That once more I might confess my sins. [*A Retreat sounds.*]

Hark! Hark! Vile Mina flies: Ah no, my Guard!

My faithless Guard! Pray! pray for me, sweet MARY!

Blest MOTHER of GOD. [*Totters: Noises near.*]

*Enter ALAGON and Guard; and SAEZ.*

*Saez.* [*Supports him.*] Your majesty is safe. [*Distant bugle.*]

*K. Ferd.* Saez!—Alagon!—I'm snatched from death. But  
Mina?—

*Saez.* Heard'st not the bugle's call? The rebels fly,  
Dismayed at Angoulême's approach. Behold!—

*King Ferd.* 'Tis he! Victorious Angoulême!--My coach!

*Saez.* Even now his myriads reach the city gate.  
Yon clouds of dust that hide the mountain tops—

*K. Ferd.* My coach!—Ha! Ha! I can but laugh:—what,  
Mina!

Heroic Mina!—like a hunted fox  
Skulking for life. Would he were now beside  
His doughty chief This brightening hour my soul  
Darts forth from foul eclipse: Now could I meet  
A thousand traitors living or dead. My coach!  
Our Royal Cousin shall have a princely welcome. [*Exeunt.*]

## SCENE VII.

*The Prado. Solemn Music without. Enter MINA and Soldiers.*

*Mina.* Too late, my friends! too late! The mighty soul  
Of our great enterprise; our chief, our brother  
Is gone. Freed from his chains, he soars to realms  
No tyrant dare approach. The foes of liberty  
Alone were his: Ye loved him for ye knew  
He loved his country more than gold, or life,  
Or fame: Aye, more than mother, wife, or friend;  
His every thought her welfare and her glory.

*Enter the Brothers of Peace and Charity, bearing the bier of RIEGO  
followed by the Canon RIEGO.*

*First Brother.* Alms, good friends, to inter the outlawed dead!

*Alms are given by MINA, and afterwards by the Soldiers.*

*Mina.* [Approaching the Canon.] Thy brother's wife?—

*The Canon.* Heart-broken—within Descalzas' holy walls.

*Mina.* She will need Señora Mina's friendly cares—

*The Canon.* And thine. 'Twas my brother's—last request.

*Mina.* Meet us—near the Bridge of Manzanares.

Farewell! Thou brother of my soul! What tho'

No purple pall be thine? a grander canopy

Is arched above thee, thro' whose azure folds

The SIRE and His avenging Angels view

Thy shroudless corse. 'Death,—friend of suffering virtue—

Hath tipped for thee his barbed dart with balm:

And now thou sleep'st in his kind arms. Self-doomed,

Thy murderer tosses on his downy couch,

While at his blood-stained hand thy soul receives

Heaven's passport to its sunbright realms.—What tho'

No sculptured stone record thy praise? when Ferdinand's

Dismantled tomb shall be a crumbling ruin,

The just, the brave, shall moisten with tearful eye

The everliving turf that marks Riego's grave.

*Covers the face with his sash: the Brothers return to the Bier.*

And now farewell! O Spain! How dark thy fate!

Stifling thy very life the Monster-Hag

Of Bigotry bestrides thy prostrate form.

But Freedom's setting sun shall rise again

To break her spell—and exiled Mina live

To greet its earliest beam, and lay his head

Upon thy lap—beside thy martyred son.

[*The Procession passes, MINA and Soldiers standing with arms reversed; and the Curtain falls to Solemn Music.*]

## NOTES.

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Page 15. *Vinuesa*. "*Thou hast mapped it plainly down?*"

The plot of Don Matias Vinuesa is given at length by Miraflores. Vid. vol. 1, pp. 94, 447.

P. 27. "*Ill starred Lacy! And—shall I name him? Porlier!—*"

For an account of the treacherous seizure and savage murder of these co-laborers in the cause of Spanish freedom by order of Ferdinand and his ministers—See Blaquiere's Hist. of the Span. Rev. 10 Ed. An. Reg. 174, &c.

P. 30. "*Hard by lies Don Mamerto's mangled form.*"

The murder of Landabaru, the counter revolutionary movements immediately following of the Royal guard, and their conflict with and defeat by the National militia of Madrid described in the next scene are related apparently with exact impartiality by the Marq. of Miraflores, himself an eye witness. See vol. 2 of his work, p. 16, &c.

Pages 36 & 37. *The Embroidering Scene—and Dream.*—Refer to Walton's Letters. Don Esteban. 9 vol. Niles' Reg. 412.—Whitbread's speech, 29 vol. of Parl. Deb. p. 1163.

Ibid. *The Procession.* For a description of Spanish processions see Whittington's Travels in Spain.

Page 41. "*And before Heaven,  
And them, will pledge my royal word,*" &c.

The frightened monarch on the 6th March, 1820, decreed an immediate convocation of the Cortes, according to the ancient laws. On the 9th, at the instance of Ballasteros, he swore to the Constitution of 1812, which had been first proclaimed by Riego at Las Cabezas, on the 1st of January preceding. He also commanded Ballasteros to administer the same to the army. The inquisition was abolished the same day, and all persons imprisoned for political opinions set at large. On the 9th July following, he again took the oath before the Cortes to support the Constitution, in presence of the Royal family, the Diplomatic corps, and an immense concourse of citizens, &c. Miraf. History of Spain.

Page 47. *The Hall of the Cortes: the Cortes in session,* &c. See Quin's visit to Spain in 1822, p. 55, &c.

Page 50. *'Tis liberty,  
My friends; that, that's the pestilence whose spread  
These Holy Allies dread: what tyrant does not?*

See The Declarations of the Allied Powers in May, 1851, Nesselrode's Circular, &c.

The First Article of the Secret Treaty of Verona, November 1822, is as follows:

"Les hautes parties contractantes, pleinement convaincues que le système du gouvernement représentatif est aussi incompatible avec le principe monarchique que la maxime de la Souveraineté du peuple est opposé au principe du droit divin, s'obligeant, de la manière la plus solennelle, à employer tous leurs moyens et à unir tous leurs efforts pour détruire le système du gouvernement représentatif dans quelque Etat de l'Europe où il existe, et pour éviter qu'il s'introduise dans les Etats où il n'est pas connu."

Page 54. *"England struck off a Stuart's head—and France a Bourbon's."*

Somewhat similar allusions by Patrick Henry in the Virginia Convention, and by Manuel in the French Chamber of Deputies, occasioned commotions very similar to that here attempted to be described.

Page 77. *Morillo's ferocity.* The trait of ferocity ascribed in this scene to Morillo was suggested by an incident in his career related by Mrs. E. F. Ellet, in the Democratic Review.

Page 67. *"France, regenerate France out of whose cup,"* &c. I Jer. c. 51, 7.

Page 89. *Trial of Riego before the Alcaldes of the King's Household.* Some account of this judicial mockery, for so Miraflores admits it was—may be found in the "*Causes Celebres Politiques du xix.<sup>e</sup> siècle.*" It is there said that the names of the Judges have never transpired. None perhaps could be suggested worthier to preside over such a tribunal than the ferocious and treacherous Morillo.

Page 99. *The Cell of Torture.* Whoever will take the trouble to consult the remarks of "A Royalist" in the U. Serv. Mag. for 1833 pt. 3, p. 468, &c. will find that allusions to the holy office and its engines of torture, in connexion with the fate of Riego, are not merely fanciful. That writer, no friend to the Spanish patriots or their cause, gives strong reasons for his belief that the torture was actually applied: and indeed seems to refer to the fact as accounting, if not apologizing, on the ground of State necessity, for afterwards subjecting this illustrious martyr to an ignominious death! First mangled by torture, and then murdered by the cord, lest his swollen and dislocated limbs might cause the very stones to revolt against monarchical and ecclesiastical cruelty!





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